

NEW PRAISES OF JESUS:

A COLLECTION OF

Choice Hymns and Tunes,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR SEASONS OF DEEP RELIGIOUS INTEREST.

Containing, in addition to many new Hymns and Tunes, a number of the attractive Compositions of the late
WM. B. BRADBURY, and others, in this and foreign lands.

EDITED BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND,

Author of "Sketches of Palestine," "Little Cries in the Field," "Jesus the Way," "Jesus' Lambs," "The Better Life," etc.

New York and Chicago:

Published by BIGLOW & MAIN, (Successors to WM. B. BRADBURY,).

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New praises of
Jesus : a collection
of choice hymns and
tunes especially
adapted for seasons
of deep religious
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in the Sabbath
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P R E F A C E.

About one hundred thousand copies of the "PRAISES OF JESUS" have been sold in this country and in Great Britain.

The hymns and tunes which were the greatest favorites in that book have been retained in the "NEW PRAISES OF JESUS;" also, from forty to fifty new pages of choice material have been added, containing nearly one hundred new hymns, and yet the publishers sell it at the same price as before.

It has long been our study to learn what hymns and tunes the Holy Spirit has most repeatedly and signally used in leading sinners to the Saviour, and in strengthening the faith of God's dear people, knowing that it is only "*as workers together with Him*" that we accomplish anything for His glory.

Jesus has Himself said: "And I; if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all unto me." We have therefore sought to select and write hymns which point to Him who was lifted up, that we might not perish, but have eternal life.


A number of the hymns were written during our recent visit to the Holy City, where "*He was wounded for our transgressions.*"

The Sunday-school teachers everywhere will find this a safe and useful book in assisting them to lead those under their instruction *at once* to the loving Jesus' open arms.

It is my most earnest prayer that, as these sweet songs of Zion are sung, multitudes may be led to hear God entreating them: "REPENT YE THEREFORE, AND BE CONVERTED THAT YOUR SINS MAY BE BLOTTED OUT WHEN THE TIME OF REFRESHING SHALL COME FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE LORD."—Acts iii. 19. Oh! may all those whose voices shall blend in these "spiritual songs," be found at last among the "ransomed of the Lord; and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy," and for ever dwell there where "sorrowing and sighing shall flee away."

E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

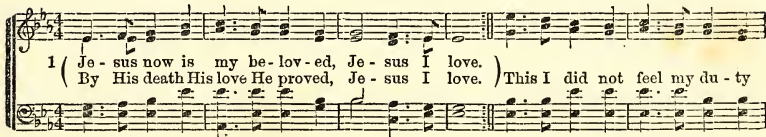
VERNON, CONN., *January*, 1869.

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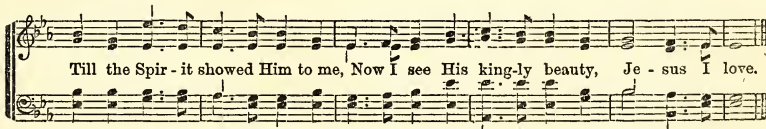
NEW PRAISES OF JESUS.

Jesus I Love.

Arr. by WM. B. BRADBURY.



1 (Je - sus now is my be - lov - ed, Je - sus I love.)
(By His death His love He proved, Je - sus I love.) This I did not feel my du - ty



Till the Spir - it showed Him to me, Now I see His king - ly beauty, Je - sus I love.

2 Jesus left His home in glory,
Jesus I love.
Took my guilt and suffered for me,
Jesus I love.
Through His Blood I'm now forgiven,
Purchased for me now is heaven,
On my heart His love's engraven,
Jesus I love.

3 Now in heaven, by faith, I view Him,
Jesus I love.
And I'm going home unto Him,
Jesus I love.
And while I pursue my journey,
By the Spirit He will lead me—
Take me to Himself in glory,
Jesus I love.

FALCONER

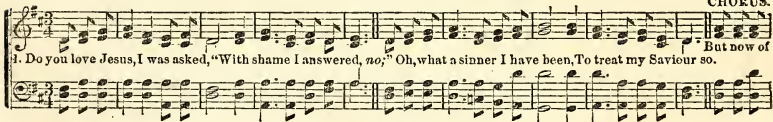
“Do you love Jesus?”

“IT WAS WITH SHAME I ANSWERED, NO.”


If you, my dear friend, with this Sabbath-school scholar, who wrote these words, have sometimes felt ashamed, that you did not love Jesus, and are anxious to know what you should do to be saved, this letter may help you to find the Saviour:

The first afternoon of the children's meetings, I did not stay to the inquiry meeting. As I was passing out, you asked me if I loved Jesus. *It was with shame I answered, no.* The next day I remained; some one spoke to me, and when he told me to *believe*, I could not understand it. I did believe that Jesus died to save sinners, that I was one of that number, and he was willing and ready to save me, and I thought that I was, at least, not far from being a Christian. But I was undeceived Monday, when I heard you speak. That illustration of the men in the cave was so clear: I saw that I, like them, had got my feet upon the promise, but that would not save me, it needed something more, and I could only say: ‘Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.’ I made up my mind that I would ask God for Christ's sake to pardon me, and leave it with him. Ah! it was then I understood what was meant by *believing*; I felt that he did forgive me. I expected that I should feel some great and sudden change, that the burden which oppressed me would be immediately removed, and as I experienced no such change, I almost despaired, I thought I had not asked as I should, for he has said: ‘Those that seek me shall find me,’ and I believed it; what then was I to do? But, just then, as if you knew my thoughts, you gave me a little tract, ‘Oh! for more feeling,’ and I saw I was wrong. It told me that God has not said we must feel *so* and *so* in regard to our sin before we may have Christ and his free grace, but we were only to feel our need of him. It lifted a great cloud from my mind, and I now feel that I have a hope in the dear Saviour. *I love to sing that little hymn, ‘Jesus paid it all,’ but it always brings the tears to my eyes, for I see him whom I have rejected so long, nailed to the cross, and suffering, oh! how much, for me.* God help me to love him more and more every day I live.”

CHORUS.



But now of
1. Do you love Jesus, I was asked, “With shame I answered, no;” Oh, what a sinner I have been, To treat my Saviour so.



him I'm not ashamed, Who bore my load of guilt; I love, I love his blessed name, For me his blood was spilt, For me his blood [was spilt.

2. If earthly friend for me had bled,
I'd love his very name;
Though Christ for me his blood has shed,
Of him I've been ashamed!—*Chorus.*
3. But o'er my guilty sins have mourned,
And pardon have obtained;

- And now I love my dearest Lord,
Of him I'm not ashamed.—*Chorus.*
4. I love to sing that little hymn,
Of “Jesus paid it all;”
To think that I've rejected him,
Makes tears begin to fall.—*Chorus.*
- E. P. H.

Hymn for Revival Seasons.

TUNE.—“*Sweet Hour of Prayer*,” page 24.

1. O HAPPY day, blest day of grace!
When Jesus shows his smiling face,
And bids the weary wanderer come
And find in him sweet rest, a home.
The cross uplifted draws us near,
The Spirit whispers words of cheer,
And waits repenting souls to bless
In this glad day, this day of grace! :
2. Then hasten all who feel your need,
From sin's dread burden to be freed—
To Calvary's victim look and live,
He only can salvation give.
Long have you pleasure sought in vain,
And found but weariness in pain—
Oh come, your sinful steps retrace,
Improve this blessed day of grace. :|

3. Now listen to the gospel's sound,
Seek Jesus where he may be found—
In him the Father, reconciled,
Will own and bless you as his child.
Oh, will you longer slight his love,
And grieve away the Heavenly Dove?—
Refuse the Saviour to embrace,
And perish in this day of grace? :|
4. Forbid it, Lord! Thy power display
And draw these lingering souls to-day;
Convince of sin, thy grace impart
To cleanse and sanctify the heart.
May many hear thy gracious voice,
And in thy pardoning love rejoice,
Who in eternity shall praise
Thee for this blessed day of grace. :|

ETA.

Christ our King.

TUNE.—“*Repenting Soul*,” page 7.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every sacrifice.

3. People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their blessings on his name.
4. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to the King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat, Amen.

Going straight to Jesus.

A DEAR little boy, only nine years old, in Brooklyn, who had learned to love Jesus, was one day last summer run over by the cars, and so badly hurt that he only lived a few hours. When the policeman took him up, he opened his eyes, and said, "Tell mother I'm going straight to my Saviour." And when his mother found him at the hospital, he said to her, "Mother, I'm going to *Jesus*, and he's *here*, in this room, all around me. Oh! I love him so much. Don't let them cut off my leg, but if they do, never mind, it won't hurt me as much as they hurt Jesus." When his father arrived, he looked up, and said, "Papa, I am going to my Saviour, tell brother Eddy if he feels lonely now, because he has no brother, to learn to love Jesus, and he will be his brother and love him so much." These were the last words he said, for, in about two hours, he bled to death; and the hospital nurse said, as she closed his eyes, "He has gone to that Saviour he talked so much about, and I will try to love him too." When his mother returned to her home, her only words were: "The Lord has taken my Charlie, though he slay me, yet will I trust him." That you may the better remember this touching story, I have written it for you in simple verse, that you may sing about this dear angel-boy. Could you, my little friend, say I'm going straight to Jesus, if called to die to-day?

1st. 2d. CHORUS.

I. I'm going straight to Jesus' arms, So said the dying one; } [now for
 I'm not afraid of death's alarms,—My (Omit.) } work on earth is done. I'm going straight to Jesus' arms, He's waiting

me; I'm not afraid of death's alarms, I'm not afraid of death's alarms, For Jesus died for me, Yes, Jesus died for me.

2. Dear mother, I am going home,
 My Jesus, he is here,
 He'll take me to his shining throne,
 I've not a single fear.—*Chorus.*
3. My sufferings are very great,
 But never can compare,
 With what my Saviour bore for me,
 That I his love might share.—*Chorus.*

4. Papa, when I am gone above,
 And brother feels alone,
 Tell him to learn the Saviour's love,—
 'Twill for my loss atone.—*Chorus.*
4. Could you, too, say, my little friend,
 If called this hour to die,
 "I'm going straight to Jesus' arms,"
 Up to his home on high?—*Chorus.*

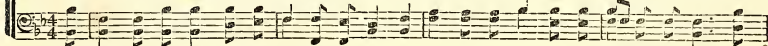
My Jesus, I love Thee.

Arranged by H. P. M.

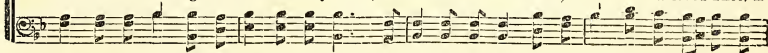
7



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the pleasures of sin I re - sign; My
2. I love Thee, because Thou hast first loved me, And purchased my pardon on Cal-vary's tree; I



gracious Redeem - er, my Saviour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, If ev - er I loved Thee, If
love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, If ev - er I loved Thee, If



ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.



3 I'll love Thee in life, and I'll love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in yon heaven of light,
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,
"If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

1 I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" was nothing to me.

2 When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge nor safety in self could I see—
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my Saviour must be

3 My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name,
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the Fountain, life-giving and free;
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" is all things to me.

4 When treading the valley and shadow of death,
This watchword shall rally my faltering breath:
And when from life's fever my God sets me free.
"Jehovah Tsidkenu" my death-song shall be. M'CHESNEY

The Land of Promise.

Words written for this work.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS. *cres.*

1. { Girls. We are bound for the land of promise, Who will join our happy throng? } [sunny land forever;
 Boys. We are bound for the land of promise, And our march will not be long. } We shall meet, no more to sever, In that

We are bound for the land of promise, We are bound for the land of promise,
 Come and join our happy throng, Come and join our happy throng.

2. Far away in the fields of glory
 Saints and angels sweetly sing,
 Far away in the fields of glory
 Now their hallelujahs ring.—*Cho.*
3. When our hearts are oppressed and weary,
 Jesus bids us watch and pray;

When our hearts are oppressee'd and weary,
 He will cheer us on our way.—*Cho.*

4. Onward, then, to the land of promise,
 Stay not in the vale below;
 Onward haste to the land of promise,
 Where the streams of pleasure flow.—*Cho.*

Out on the Ocean Sailing.

1. We are out on the ocean sailing,
 Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide.

Cho. All the storms will soon be over,
 Then we'll anchor in the harbor,
 We are out on the ocean sailing,
 To a home beyond the tide:

2. Millions now are safely landed,
 Over on the golden shore;
 Millions more are on their journey,
 Yet there's room for millions more.
Cho. All the storms, &c.

3. Spread your sails, while heavenly
 breezes
 Gently waft our vessel on;

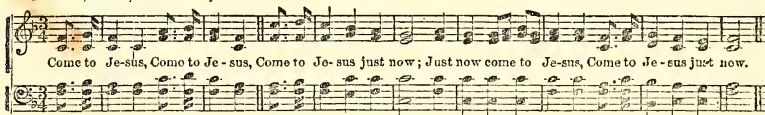
All on board are sweetly singing,
 Free salvation is the song.
Cho. All the storms, &c.

4. When we all are safely anchored,
 We will shout—our trials o'er;
 We will walk about the city,
 And we'll sing for evermore.
Cho. All the storms, &c.

Come to Jesus.

9

THIS tune, as it now stands, was first sung, I think, in Scotland, where hundreds were asking "What shall we do to be saved?" Those who have never heard it under such circumstances, cannot judge of its persuasive power to lead trembling sinners to the cross. The verses, of which we have given the first lines, can easily be filled out. Thousands will remember this hymn to all eternity, as having been used by God to lead them to Jesus. It has often, also, impressed upon the careless the solemn declaration of God's word, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—1 Cor. vi. 2.



1. Come to Jesus, just now, &c.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt. 11: 28.*

2. He will save you, just now, &c.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts 16: 31.*

3. O believe him, just now, &c.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John 3: 16.*

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us."—*Heb. 7: 25.*

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—*2 Pet. 3: 9.*

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out"—*John 6: 37.*

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt. 3: 7.*

8. Call unto him,

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts 2: 21.*

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark 10: 47.*

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark 10: 52.*

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—*1 John 1: 9.*

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—*John 1: 7.*

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—*2 Cor. 5: 17.*

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev. 3: 5.*

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man should lay down his life for his friends."—*John 15: 13.*

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men."—*Isa. 53: 3.*

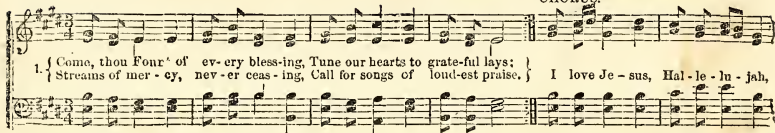
17. Only trust Him.

"He that bath the Son bath life."—*John 5: 13.* E. P. H.

Come, Thou Fount. (Nettleton.) 8s & 7s.

Arranged for this work, by WM. B. BRADBURY.

CHORUS.



1. { Come, thou Fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune our hearts to grate-ful lays;
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. } I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah,



I love Je-sus, yes, I do, I do love Je-sus, he's my Sav-iour, Je-sus smiles and loves me too.

2. Jesus sought me, when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.—*Chorus.*
3. Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!

- Let thy grace, Lord! like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.—*Chorus.*
4. Prone to wander,—Lord, I feel i
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart—O, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above.—*Chorus.*

"Come to Jesus, All Ye Weary."

1. COME to Jesus, all ye weary,
Burden'd with the load of sin:
Come to Jesus, he is ready
To receive such wanderers in.
- Chorus.* You'll love Jesus, you will praise him
You'll love Jesus, yes, you will;
You will love Jesus, only trust him,
He'll receive and love you too.

2. Come to Jesus, he'll receive you,
Take his yoke, and learn of him;
As your Prophet to instruct you,—
As your King be ruled by him.—*Chorus.*
3. Come to Jesus, he'll receive you;
He will cancel all your guilt
'Twas for this he came to save you,—
'Twas for this his blood was spilt.—*Chorus.*

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <p>1. "ABBA, Father," Lord, we call thee,
Hallow'd name! from day to day;
'Tis thy children's right to know thee,
None but children, "Abba," say:
This high glory we inherit,
Thy free gift, through Jesus' blood;
God the Spirit, with our spirit,
Witnesseth we're sons of God.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>2. Abba's purpose gave us being.
When, in Christ, in that vast plan,
Abba chose the Church in Jesus,
Long before the world began:
Oh what love the father bore us!
Oh how precious in his sight!
When he gave his Church to Jesus,
Jesus, his whole soul's delight!—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>3. Though our nature's fall in Adam,
Seem'd to shut us out from God.
Thus it was his counsel brought us
Nearer still through Jesus' blood:
"Abba, Father!" Lord, we call thee;
Abba sounds through all the host;
All in heaven and earth adore thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—<i>Cho.</i></p> |
|---|--|--|

Glory to Jesus.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>1. GLORY, glory everlasting,
Be to him who bore the cross!
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, and death deserved by us.
<i>Chorus.</i> I love Jesus, &c.</p> | <p>2. His is love! 'tis love unbounded,
Without measure, without end:
Human thought is here confounded:
'Tis too vast to comprehend.
<i>Chorus.</i> I love Jesus, &c.</p> | <p>3. While we hear the wondrous story,
Of the Saviour's cross and shame;
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb!"
<i>Chorus.</i> I love Jesus &c.</p> |
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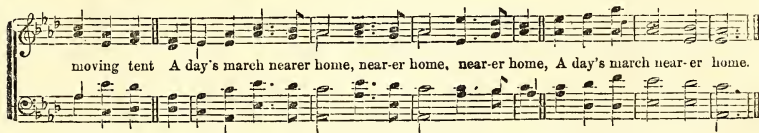
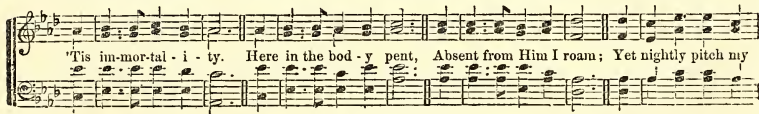
Rejoicing in Christ.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I have found a precious Saviour,
He has washed my sins away;
Now rejoicing in his favor,
I am happy all the day.
<i>CHO.</i> I love Jesus, etc.</p> <p>2 Sweetest joy my heart is swelling—
Joy the world could never give;
While in sweetest strains I'm telling
How he made my spirit live.
<i>CHO.</i> I love Jesus, etc.</p> <p>3 Lost in sin, I wandered, weary,
Far from Jesus, far from home
Till he came in love to cheer me,
Sweetly calling, "Wanderer come!"
<i>CHO.</i> I love Jesus, etc.</p> | <p>4 Pardon full and free he offered,
Showed his bleeding hands and side,
Told me how for me he suffered,
For my sins was crucified.
<i>CHO.</i> I love Jesus, etc.</p> <p>5 Then my heart, with thanks o'erflowing,
Yielded to his gracious call;
At his feet in sorrow bowing.
Gave to him my life, my all.
<i>CHO.</i> I love Jesus, etc.</p> <p>6 Now I'm his, yes, his forever!
Safe within his happy fold,
Jesus' lambs can perish never,
Love like his can ne'er grow cold.
<i>CHO.</i> I love Jesus, etc.</p> |
|---|---|

For ever with the Lord. S. M. Double.

13

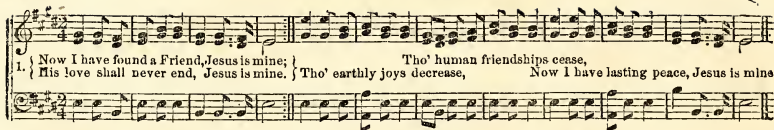
I. B. WOODBURY.



2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
Home above, home above

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease:
While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.
Bow of peace, bow of peace.

Jesus is Mine.



2. Though I grow poor and old,
 Jesus is mine;
 He will my faith uphold,
 Jesus is mine;
 He shall my wants supply.
 His precious blood is nigh,
 Nought can my hope destroy,
 Jesus is mine!

3. When earth shall pass away,
 Jesus is mine.
 In the great Judgment-day,
 Jesus is mine.
 Oh! what a glorious thing,
 Then to behold my King,
 On tuneful harp to sing,
 Jesus is mine.

4. Farewell, mortality!
 Jesus is mine.
 Welcome, eternity!
 Jesus is mine.
 He my Redemption is,
 Wisdom and Righteousness,
 Life, Light, and Holiness,
 Jesus is mine.

The Sabbath School.

"WHERE TWO OR THREE ARE GATHERED TOGETHER IN MY NAME, THERE I AM IN THE MIDST OF THEM."—*Matt. xviii. 20*

1. JESUS, we love to meet,
 Where thou art near;
 We worship round thy seat,
 With holy fear.
 Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
 To thee our prayers ascend;
 O'er our young spirits bend,
 To us draw near.

2. We dare not trifle now,
 For thou art here.
 In silent awe we bow,
 For thou art here;
 Check ev'ry wand'ring thought,
 And let us all be taught
 To serve thee as we ought,
 To us be near.

3. We listen to thy Word,
 When thou art near;
 Bless all that we have heard,
 With holy fear.
 Go with us when we part,
 And to each youthful heart,
 Thy saving grace impart,
 Jesus be near.

Is Jesus Thine?

1. SAY, hast thou found a friend?
 Is Jesus thine?
 His love shall never end—
 Is Jesus thine?
 Earth's pleasures may decrease,
 All human friendships cease,
 Would'st thou have lasting peace?
 Take Jesus thine.

2. Think what he's done for thee,—
 Is Jesus thine?
 He has bled upon the tree—
 Is Jesus thine?
 See the sun in darkness hide
 When for you the Saviour died,
 For you was crucified;
 Take Jesus thine.

3. He is a friend indeed,—
 Is Jesus thine?
 He'll be the friend you need,—
 Is Jesus thine?
 He's knocking, let him in!
 There's no other friend like him
 He'll cleanse your soul from sin;
 Take Jesus thine.

Is Jesus Thine? Concluded.

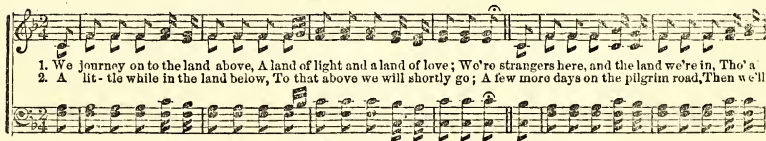
15

4. Say, is thy soul at rest?
Is Jesus thine?
Jesus alone can bless.—
Is Jesus thine?

Would'st thou in glory dwell,
And with saints in rapture tell
He "hath done all things well?"
Take Jesus thine.

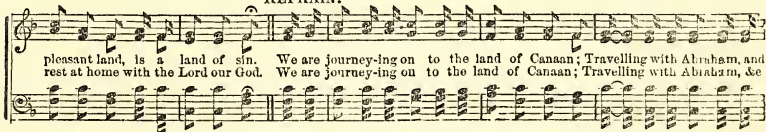
E. P. 11.

The Land of Canaan.



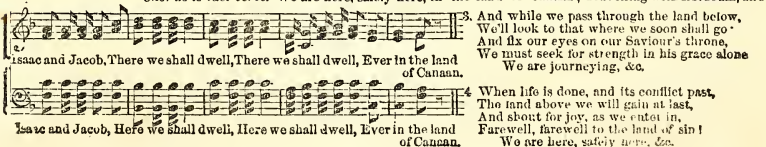
1. We journey on to the land above, A land of light and a land of love; We're strangers here, and the land we're in, Tho' a
2. A lit- tle while in the land below, To that above we will shortly go; A few more days on the pilgrim road, Then we'll

REFRAIN.

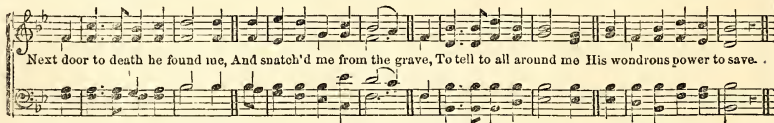
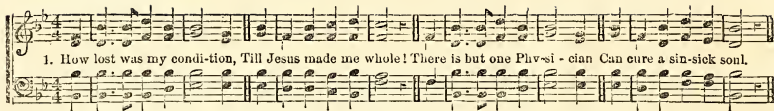


pleasant land, is a land of sin. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and
rest at home with the Lord our God. We are journey-ing on to the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, &c

Chorus to last verse. We are here, safely here, in the land of Canaan; Travelling with Abraham, and



3. And while we pass through the land below,
We'll look to that where we soon shall go
And fix our eyes on our Saviour's throne,
We must seek for strength in his grace alone
We are journeying, &c.
Isaac and Jacob, There we shall dwell, There we shall dwell, Ever in the land
of Canaan.
Isaac and Jacob, Here we shall dwell, Here we shall dwell, Ever in the land
of Canaan.
When life is done, and its conflict past,
The land above we will gain at last,
And shout for joy, as we enter in,
Farewell, farewell to the land of sin!
We are here, safely here, &c.



2. From men, great skill professing,
I thought a cure to gain;
But this proved more distressing,
And added to my pain.
Some said that nothing ailed me,
Some gave me up for lost;
Thus every refuge failed me,
And all my hopes were crossed.

3. At length, this great Physician—
How matchless is his grace!
Accepted my petition,
And undertook my case;
First gave me sight to view him—
For sin my sight had sealed—
Then bade me look unto him;
I looked, and I was healed.

4. A dying, risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from anguish frees us,
And saves the soul from death.
Come, then, to this Physician;
His help he'll freely give;
He makes no hard condition;
'Tis only—look and live!

O SACRED HEAD.

1. O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weigh'd down;
Now scornfully surrounded
With thorns, thy only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory.
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2. What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end!
Oh, make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

3. If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus, leave not me;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,

Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.

4. Be near when I am dying,
Oh, show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely—through thy love.

OH, WHEN SHALL I SEE JESUS.

1. O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above;
And from that flowing fountain,
Drink everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

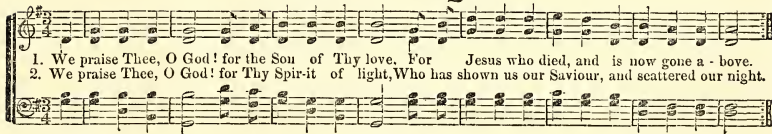
2. But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not give o'er;

2 **ALD** since he has proved faithful,
A righteous crown he'll give,
And all his valliant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Where'er you meet with troubles
And trials on your way,
Oh, cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

4 **GIRD** on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

Revive us again.



1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love. For Jesus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir-it of light, Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Halle - lu - jah! Amen. Halle - lu - jah! Thine the glory, Revive us a - gain.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain. *Cho*

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love:
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. *Cho.*

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways. *Cho*

6 Revive us again; rouse the dead from their tomb;
May they now come to Jesus, while yet there is room. *Cho*

My God, I am Thine.

1 My God, I am Thine; what a comfort divine—
What a blessing to know, that my Jesus is mine! *Cho.*

4 My Jesus to know, and feel His love flow,
'Tis life everlasting—'tis heaven below. *Cho.*

2 In the heavenly Lamb thrice happy I am;
And my heart doth rejoice at the sound of His name. *Cho.*

5 Yet onward I haste to the heavenly feast:
That—that is the fulness, but this is the taste! *Cho.*

3 True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound;
And whoever hath found it, hath paradise found. *Cho.*

6 And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove
To the heaven of heavens, in Jesus' own love. *Cho.*

Worthy is the Lamb.

CHORUS.

1 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain. Glory, hallelujah!

Praise Him, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, To the Lamb!

2. Sons of Morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*
3. Christ has come in very deed,
Born to bruise the serpent's head;

Sinner, he's the friend you need,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

4. See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5. Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry, "what shall I do?"
Let him weep till born anew,
Blessed Lamb.—*Cho.*

6. Penitents, dry up your tears,
God hath heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb.—*Cho.*

7. Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill
See the Lamb.—*Cho.*

Praise the Lord, He's Pardoned Me.

1. PRAISE the Lord, he's pardoned me,
From my load of sin I'm free,
Now my Saviour I can see;
Praise the Lord.

CHORUS.

Glory, hallelujah!
Praise him, hallelujah!
Glory, hallelujah!
To the Lamb,

2. Wondrous is the Father's love,
Wondrous is the Saviour's love,
Wondrous is the Spirit's love;
Praise the Lord.—*Cho.*
3. Oh, what love was that which led
God, the victim's, blood to shed,
That we might be free from dread;
Praise the Lord.—*Cho.*
4. Jesus' love no tongue can tell;
He has rescued us from hell.

All our fears he now hath quell;
Praise the Lamb.—*Cho.*

5. With what love the Spirit win
Stubborn souls from death and sin,
Helps us to believe in Him
For us slain.—*Cho.*
6. Help me now to Jesus cling,
Till thro' heaven's high arches ring
Loud hosannas to our King;
Praise the Lord.—*Cho.*

E. P. M.

The Bleeding Lamb.

19

CHORUS.

Arranged by H.P.M.

1 { Jesus Christ has bled and died, Glory to the bleeding Lamb! }
 { He for our sins was cruci-fied, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb! } The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb! (His
 finished work I'll ev-er sing, And to it I will always cling, Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb.

- 2 Once He dwelt in heaven above,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 And to this earth He came with love
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*
- 3 And when on us the burden laid,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 He then the ransom freely paid,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*
- 4 And now from sin we may be free,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 He offers peace to you and me,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

- 5 He knows that we are justified,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 If we will trust in Him who died,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*
- 6 His blood for us was freely spilt,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 And it will cleanse away our guilt,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*
- 7 Let justice from Mount Sinai flame,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

Jesus has cancelled all its claims,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

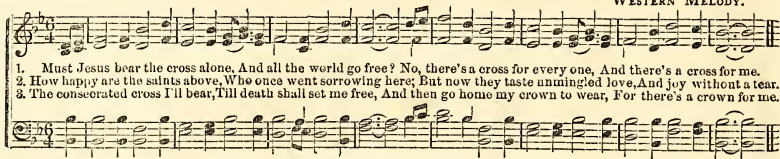
- 8 We boldly to the throne of grace,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 May come and claim the children's
 place,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb!
- 9 We now will sing the Saviour's praise,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 Him will we serve thro' out our days,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*

The Gospel News.

- 1 The gospel news is now proclaimed,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 Salvation free in Jesus' name,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*
- 2 The old and young are giving heed,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

- To Christ they fly with hastening speed,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*
- 3 And now their hearts are filled with
 joy,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

- In Jesus' work they find employ,
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho.*
- 4 I hear them sing, "I am forgiven,
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
 I trust in Christ, the way to heaven
 Hallelujah to the Lamb! *Cho. E. P. H.*



1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me.
2. How happy are the saints above, Who once went sorrowing here; But now they taste unmingled love, And joy without a tear.
3. The consecrated cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free, And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

1. Our scarlet crimes are made as wool,
And we brought nigh to God;
Thanks to that wrath-appeasing death,
That heaven-procuring blood,—
2. The blood that makes his glorious Church
From every blemish free;
And oh! the riches of his love,
He poured it out for me.
3. Guilty and worthless as I am,
It all for me was given;
And boldness through his blood I have
To enter into heaven.
4. Thither, in my great Surety's right,
I surely shall be brought;
He could not agonise in vain,
Nor spend his strength for nought.
5. The Father's everlasting love,
And Jesus' precious blood,
Shall be our endless themes of praise
In yonder blest abode.
6. In patience let us then possess
Our souls till he appear;
Our Head already is in heaven,
And we shall soon be there.

CLEANSING IN THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

1. O PRECIOUS blood, O glorious death,
By which the sinner lives!
When stung with sin, this blood we
view,
And all our joy revives.
2. The blood that purchased our release,
And washes out our stains,
We challenge earth and hell to show
A sin it cannot cleanse.

THE CROWN OF JESUS.

1. THE head that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.
2. The joy of all who dwell above!
The joy of all below!
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know!
3. To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given!
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

4. They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of thy love.
5. The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him,
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

FAITH IN JESUS.

1. FAITH is not what we feel or see,
It is a simple trust
In what the God of Love has said
Of Jesus, as the "Just."
2. What Jesus is, and that alone,
Is faith's delightful plea;
It never deals with sinful self
Nor righteous self, in me.
3. It tells me I am counted "dead"
By God, in his own Word;
It tells me I am "born again"
In Christ, my risen Lord.
4. If he is free, then I am free
From all unrighteousness;
If he is just, then I am just,
He is my righteousness.

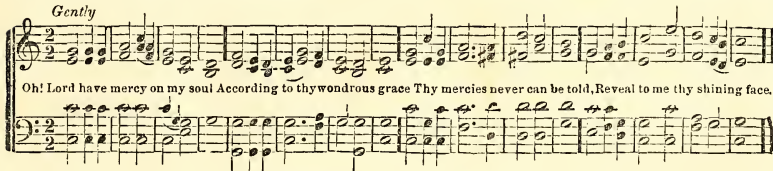
Penitential Psalm.

21

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean:
Create in me a clean heart, O God:—Ps. li.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Gently



Oh! Lord have mercy on my soul According to thy wondrous grace Thy mercies never can be told, Reveal to me thy shining face.

2 Oh! wash me from my guilt and shame,
And cleanse my soul from every sin,
For I have oft contemned Thy name,
Oh what a sinner I have been.

3 Purge me with hyssop, make me clean,
My soul with joy and gladness fill,
Give me a peace that's calm, serene,
Like that which rests on Zion's hill.

4 Create my heart entirely new,
And with me let Thy spirit dwell,
Give me a joy I never new,
Then sinners shall be turned from hell.
5 Dear Saviour, open Thou my lips,
Then shall my heart show forth thy praise,
Of thy great sacrifice I'll teach,
While God shall lengthen out my days.

E. P. H.

Earthly things vain. L. M.

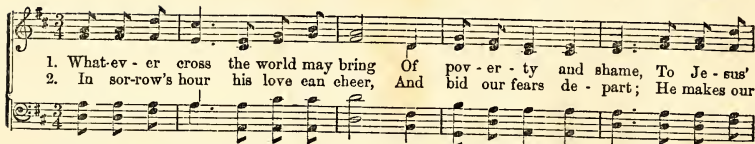
1 How vain is all beneath the skies,
How transient every earthly bliss
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this
2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.
4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing through a vale of tears

The Sinner's Friend.

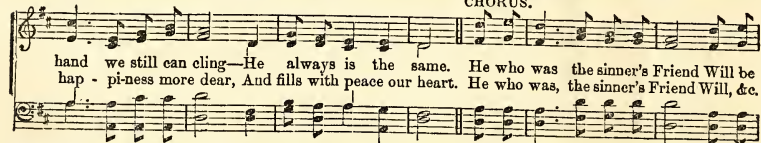
"JESUS CHRIST—THE SAME YESTERDAY TO-DAY, AND FOREVER."

Music by Wm. B. BRADBURY.

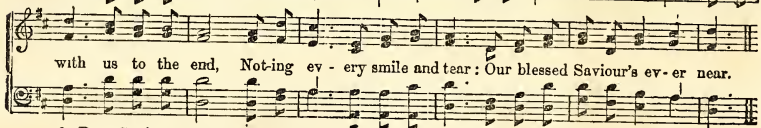


1. What-ev - er cross the world may bring Of pov - er - ty and shame, To Je - sus'
2. In sor-row's hour his love can cheer, And bid our fears de - part; He makes our

CHORUS.



hand we still can cling—He always is the same. He who was the sinner's Friend Will be
hap - pi-ness more dear, And fills with peace our heart. He who was, the sinner's Friend Will, &c.



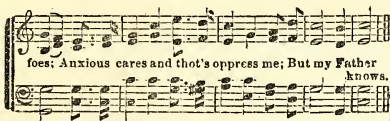
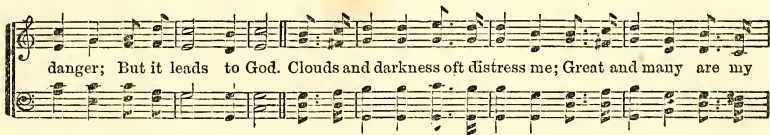
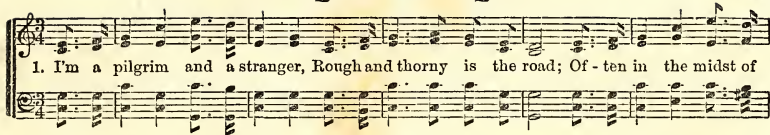
with us to the end, Not-ing ev - ery smile and tear: Our blessed Saviour's ev - er near.

3. Dear Saviour, make us truly thine,
And all our sins forgive;
Conform us to thy will divine,
And bless us while we live.
He who was, &

4. And in the world beyond the sky,
With thee we'll gladly dwell;
No more to weep, no more to die,
No more to say farewell.
He who was, &c

Pilgrim Stranger.

23



2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife;
Although sorrows past endurance
Follow me through life.
Home in prospect still can cheer me;
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His prcsence near me,
For my Father knows.

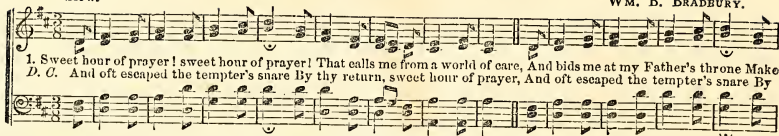
3 Yes, He sees and knows me daily;
Watches over me in love;
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close:
I shall then be well attended,
This my Father knows.

4 I shall then with joy behold Him,
Face to face my Father see:
Fall with rapture and adore Him,
For His love to me.
Nothing more shall then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose:
Jesus stands engaged to bless me,
This my Father knows.

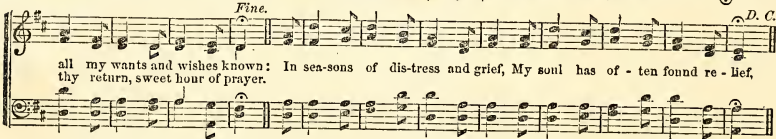
Sweet Hour of Prayer.

Slow.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care, And bids me at my Father's throne Make
D. C. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer, And oft escaped the tempter's snare By



all my wants and wishes known: In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief,
 thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness,
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :

3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share;
 Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home, and take my flight:
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :

"Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By."

1. What means this eager, anxious throng
 Pressing our busy streets along?
 These wondrous gatherings day by day?
 What means this strange commotion, pray?
 Voices, in accents hushed, reply,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
2. E'en children feel the potent spell,
 And baste their new-found joy to tell,
 In crowds they to the place repair,

- Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
 Hosannas mingle with the cry,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
3. Who is this Jesus? Why should he
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has he skill
 To charm the multitude at will?
 Again the stirring tones reply,
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

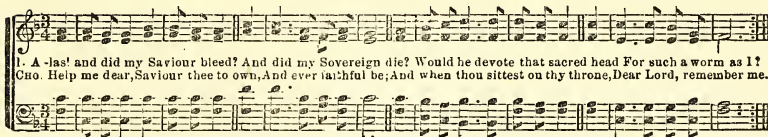
4. Jesus! 'tis he who once below,
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened hearts, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;
B'ind men rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
5. Again he comes, from place to place
His holy foot-prints we can trace,
He pauses at our threshold—nay,
He enters, condescends to stay!
He enters, condescends to stay!
Shall we not gladly raise the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"

6. Ho, all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, a home.
Lost wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace,
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by!"
7. But if you still this call refuse,
And dare such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer in justice spurn,
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by!*"

ETA.

Remember Me.

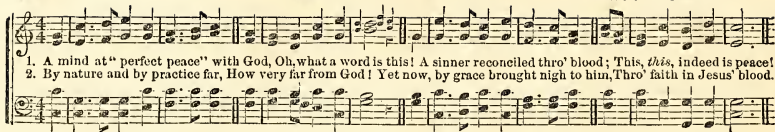
ASA HULL, by per.



1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
Chor. Help me dear, Saviour thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when thou sittest on thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me.

- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He hung upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree! Help me, &c.
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker died
For man, the creature's sin. Help me, &c.

- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes in tears. Help me, &c.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. Help me, &c.



1. A mind at "perfect peace" with God, Oh, what a word is this! A sinner reconciled thro' blood; This, *this*, indeed is peace!
 2. By nature and by practice far, How very far from God! Yet now, by grace brought nigh to him, Thro' faith in Jesus' blood.

3. So nigh, so very nigh to God,
 I cannot nearer be;
 For in the person of his Son,
 I am as near as he.

4. So dear, so very dear to God,
 More dear I cannot be;
 The love wherewith he loves the Son,
 Such is his love to me.

5. Why should I ever careful be,
 Since such a God is mine?
 He watches o'er me night and day,
 And tells me *mine* is *thine*.

The Loved Name of Jesus.

1. THERE is a name I love to hear,
 I love to speak its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ears,
 The sweetest name on earth.
2. It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of his precious blood,
 The sinner's perfect plea.
3. It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my deepest woe,

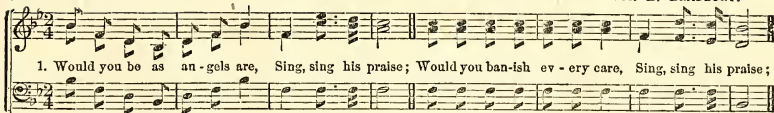
Who in my sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.

4. It bids my trembling heart rejoice,
 It dries each rising tear;
 It tells me, in a "still small voice,"
 To trust and never fear.
5. Jesus! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear!

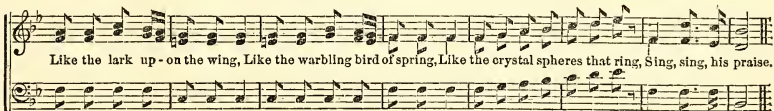
One with Jesus.

1. LORD Jesus! we are one with thee,
 O height, O depth of love!
 With thee we died upon the tree,
 In thee we live above.
2. Such was thy grace, that for our sake
 Thou didst from heaven come down,
 Our human flesh and blood partake,
 In all our misery one.
3. Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
 Confess'd and borne by thee;
 The gall, the curse, the wrath were thine,
 To set thy members free.

4. Ascended now in glory bright,
 Still one with us thou art;
 Nor death, nor life, nor depth, nor height,
 Thy saints and thee can part.
5. O teach us, Lord, to know and own
 This wondrous mystery,
 That thou with us art truly one,
 And we are one with thee!
6. Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
 When, seated on thy throne,
 Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
 That thou with us art one!



1. Would you be as an-gels are, Sing, sing his praise; Would you ban-ish ev-ery care, Sing, sing his praise;



Like the lark up-on the wing, Like the warbling bird of spring, Like the crystal spheres that ring, Sing, sing, his praise.

2. If the world upon you frown, Sing, &c.
If you're left to sing alone, Sing, &c.
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings too, Sing, &c.

3. For his wondrous dying love, Sing, &c.
That he intercedes above, Sing, &c.
Thus, whene'er you come to die,
You shall soar beyond the sky,
And with angel choirs on high, &c.

Try, Try Again.

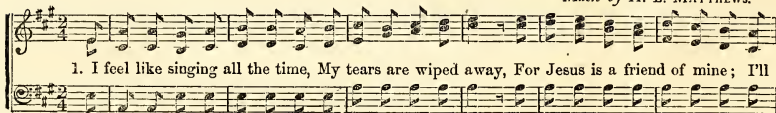
1. HAVE you not succeeded yet?—Try, try again;
Mercy's door is open yet—Try, try again;
Yours is not a single case,
Others have had the same to face,
All your trust in Jesus place—Try, try again.
2. Something surely lurks within—Try, try again;
Some beloved besetting sin—Try, try again;
Give up every plea beside;
I am lost, but Christ hath died,
Then the blood will be applied—Try, try again.

3. Do you say “I’ve been before”—Try, try again;
Never give the conflict o’er—Try, try again;
Others have been as bad as you,
But the Lord has brought them through,
It will be the same with you—Try, try again.
4. Do you say “I’ve tried in vain”—Try, try again;
“As I was I still remain”—Try, try again;
Know the darkest hour of night
Is before the dawn of light,
Press along, you’re going right—Try, try again.

I Feel like Singing All the Time.

THESE are the words of a little girl, a part of whose letter I think you will like to read. You will then the better enjoy singing some little verses which I have written for you, dear children, as expressive of her feelings:—"I think that I have found the dear Jesus. I find him so precious to my soul, I do not see how I could have rejected him so long. I think I can sing, with the rest of those who have found Jesus, 'Jesus is mine.' The first time that I came to these meetings I cried; but now I feel like singing all the time. The devil did not like it when I found the dear Jesus. This morning I am afraid he was a-trying to tempt me, but I went into my room and prayed that Jesus would help me to resist him, and I think he did. I told the devil that he could go away to somebody else and tempt them: that I did not want him to tempt me, and that he should not. Will you please pray for two very dear friends who are yet without Jesus? May they shed tears when they hear the melting story of the Lamb! And pray for me, your little friend, just thirteen years old."

Music by H. E. MATTHEWS.



CHORUS.



2. When on the cross my Lord I saw,
Nailed there by sins of mine,
Fast fell the burning tears; but now
I'm singing all the time.
3. When fierce temptations try my heart,
I'll sing "Jesus is mine;"
And so, though tears at times may start,
I'm singing all the time.

4. Oh, happy little singing one,
What music is like thine?
With Jesus as thy Life and Sun,
Go singing all the time!
5. "The melting story of the Lamb"
Tell with that voice of thine,
Till others with the glad new song,
Go singing all the time.

The Sweetest Name.

29

"HE HATH GIVEN HIM A NAME ABOVE EVERY NAME," &c.

From the "GOLDEN CHAIN," by permission.

1st. 2d. End. REFRAIN.

D. C.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth To Christ, the Saviour, given. } We love to sing around our King, And hail him blessed
D. C. For there's no word ear ever heard, So dear, so sweet, as Je-sus. } D. C.

2. His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they seal'd him;
The name that still by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.—*Cho.*

3. And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,

That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.—*Cho.*

4. So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.—*Cho.*

"Sweet Land of Rest." C. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Sweet land of rest! for thee I sigh, When will the moment come? When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful sheltering home—This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not my

REFRAIN.

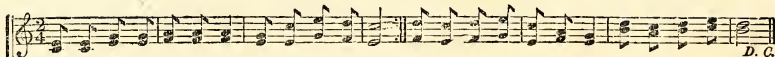
1st. 2d.

home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home.
home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, This world is not my home.

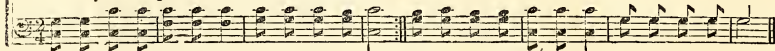
3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
Home, home, &c.

4. Weary of wandering round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave the unhallowed ground.
And dwell with Christ at home.
Home, home, &c.

"Come to Jesus, Little One."



1. { Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now; }
 { Humbly at his gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow. } At his feet con - fess your sin Seek for - give - ness there;
D. C. For his blood can make you clean: He will hear your prayer.
 2. { Seek his face without de - lay; Give him now your heart; }
 { Tar - ry not, but, while you may, Choose the better part. } Come to Je - sus, lit - tle one, Come to Je - sus now;
D. C. Humbly at his gra - cious throne In sub - mis - sion bow.



Christ for Me.



1. { My heart is fix'd, eternal God, Fix'd on thee, Fix'd on thee; } He is my Prophet; Who did for me salvation bring;
 { And my immortal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me. } Priest, and King,
D. C. And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me! Christ for me!



2. In him I see the Godhead shine
 Christ for me;
 He is the Majesty Divine,
 Christ for me;
 The Father's well-beloved Son,
 Co-partner of his royal throne,
 Who did for human guilt atone,
 Christ for me.

3. To-day as yesterday the same,
 Christ for me;
 How precious is his balmy name,
 Christ for me;
 Christ, a mere man, may answer you,
 Who error's winding path pursue:
 But I with part can never do,
 Chr' t, for me."

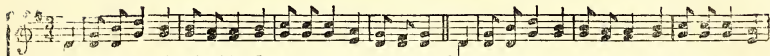
Christ for Me. Concluded.

31

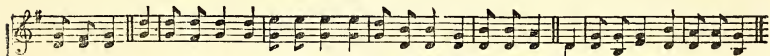
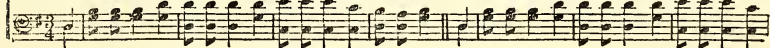
Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me;
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me;
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me.

In pining sickness or in health,
Christ for me;
In deepest poverty, or wealth,
Christ for me;
And in that all important day,
When I the summons must obey,
An I pass from this dark world away
Christ for me.

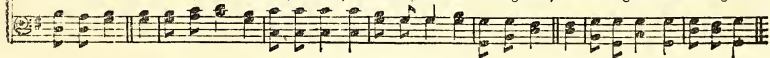
The Solid Rock. L. M. 6 lines.



1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on



Jesus' name: On Christ, the so-lid rock, I stand; All other ground is sinking sand, All other ground is sinking sand.



2. When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every migh and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

3. His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand
All other ground is sinking sand.

Bright Mansions.

"A MERRY HEART WORTH GOOD LIKE A MEDICINE."—Prov. 17, 22.

The following extract is from a letter written by one of the "little ones," and read at the children's meeting at Rochester. A new heart is a singing heart. Have you, dear reader, a heart that leads you to love to sing the praises of Jesus?

"Mr. Ellinswood came and asked me if I had found the dear Jesus, and I told him I was trying to find him. When he prayed for me, I resolved that I would love the dear Jesus, and when he got through praying, I thought I had found the dear Jesus; and when I went home that night I got down on my knees, and gave myself right up to Jesus, and I know he took me, and I prayed for him to give me a new heart, and he gave it to me. Oh! Mr. Hammond, I feel so happy since I found the dear Jesus: I feel like singing all the time."


1st. 2d. REFRAIN.*



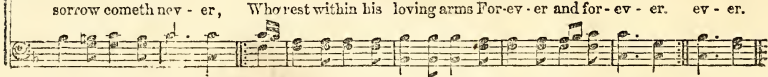
1. { "I feel like singing all the time," My heart with joy is ringing;
Since Jesus hath my sins forgiven, I'm happiest when I'm singing. } O happy they who reach that place Where



1st. 2d.



sorrow cometh nev - er, Who rest within his loving arms For-ev - er and for-ev - er. ev - er.



2. Since I have found a Saviour's love,
To him my hopes are clinging;
I feel so happy all the time,
My heart is always singing.—Chorus.

3. A light I never knew before,
Around my path is breaking,
And cheerful songs of grateful praise,
My raptured soul is waking.—Chorus.

* The Refrain may be sung after every second stanza.—Words written for this work.

4 "I feel like singing all the time,"
I have no thought of sadness ;
When Jesus washed my sins away,
He tuned my heart to gladness.—*Cho.*

5 Each moment, as it glides away,
Some new delight is bringing ;
Redeeming love, O blessed theme,
My heart is always singing.—*Cho.*

Dear Jesus, I am thine.

Little Fanny, of eleven years, says ; "*I love to pray ; I give myself to Jesus, I became very happy. Now I like pray three times a day.*" None can tell how much good to read my Bible, and try to love Him more, and more she may do by a life of prayer. every day. I can't do enough for dear Jesus. I like to sing, 'I love Jesus, yes I do.' *I love to pray, and I pray three times a day.* Will you please to pray for me ;
"Your little friend."
"Eleven years old." "FANNY B.—

1 Dear Jesus ! now I trust I'm thine,
For now I love to pray ;
I feel like singing all the time,
I'm happy all the day.
CHO.—Dear Jesus now I'll sing Thy praise,
For Thou hast died for me,
And I will serve Thee all my days,
And trust alone in Thee.

2 Alas ! how wicked I have been,
To be ashamed of thee,
How could I live so long in sin,
That nailed thee to the tree !—*Cho.*

3 But now I'll toil with all my might,
To bring my friends to thee ;
I'll talk and pray, both day and night,
To make them come with me.—*Cho.*

4 I'll pray that, like the little one,
Of whom I now have read,
My heart may yearn for those undone,
By sin whose souls are dead.

5 I'll pray that they may Jesus love,
Who for their sins has died,
That they with Him may dwell above,
Who once was crucified. *E.P.H.*

Shall We Sing in Heaven?

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Fine.

1. Shall we sing in heaven for ever—Shall we sing? Shall we sing? Shall we sing in heaven for ever In that happy land?
D. S. Meet to sing, and love for ev-er In that hap-py land.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land, They that meet shall sing for ever, Far beyond the rolling river.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. Shall we know each other ever
 In that land?
 Shall we know each other ever
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall know each other,
 Far beyond, &c.</p> | <p>4. Shall we rest from care and sorrow
 In that land?
 Shall we rest from care and sorrow
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 They that meet shall rest for ever,
 Far beyond, &c.</p> |
| <p>3. Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that land?
 Shall we sing with holy angels
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 Saints and angels sing for ever,
 Far beyond, &c.</p> | <p>5. Shall we meet our dear, lost children
 In that land?
 Shall we meet our dear, lost children
 In that happy land?
 Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
 Children meet and sing for ever,
 Far beyond, &c.</p> |

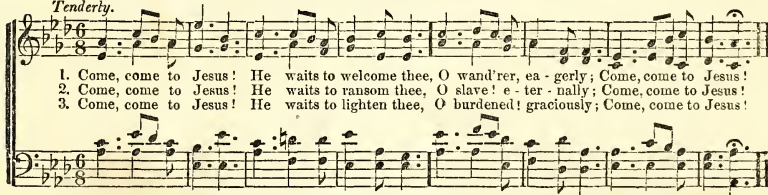
6. Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that land?
Shall we meet our Christian parents
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Parents and children meet together,
Far beyond, &c.
7. Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that land?
Shall we meet our faithful teachers
In that happy land?

- Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Teachers and scholars meet together,
Far beyond, &c.
8. Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?
Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy land,
Far beyond the rolling river,
Love and serve him there for ever,
In that happy land!

Words by Rev. GEO. B. PECK.
Tendently.

Come, come to Jesus!

H. P. MAIN.



1. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer, ea - gerly; Come, come to Jesus!
2. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to ransom thee, O slave! e - ter - nally; Come, come to Jesus!
3. Come, come to Jesus! He waits to lighten thee, O burdened! graciously; Come, come to Jesus!

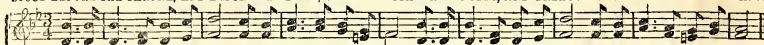
- 4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

- 5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

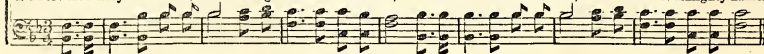
- 6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

White Robes.

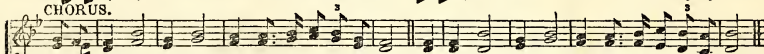
"AND LO, A GREAT MULTITUDE, WHICH NO MAN COULD NUMBER, OF ALL NATIONS, AND KINDREDS, AND PEOPLE, AND TONGUES, STOOD BEFORE THE THRONE, AND BEFORE THE LAMB, CLOTHED WITH WHITE ROBES, AND PALMS IN THEIR HANDS."—*Rev. vii. 9.*



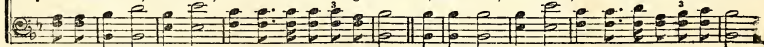
1. Who are these in bright array, This exulting, happy throng, Round the altar night and day, Singing one triumphant song?
2. These thro' fiery trials trod, These from great afflictions came; Now before the throne of God, Sealed with his almighty name.



CHORUS.



They have clean robes, white robes, White robes are waiting for me! Yes, clean robes, white robes, Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.



3. Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
They have clean robes, &c.

4. Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.
They have clean robes, &c.

The Completed Work of Jesus.

1. CHRIST has done the mighty work,
Nothing left for us to do,
But to enter on his toil,
Enter on his triumph too.
2. He has sowed the precious seed,
Nothing left for us unsown;
Ours it is to reap the fields,
Make the harvest-joy our own.
3. His the pardon, ours the sin,—
Great the sin, the pardon great;

- His the good and ours the ill,
His the love and ours the hate.
4. Ours the darkness and the gloom,
His the shade-dispelling light;
Ours the cloud and his the sun,
His the day-spring, ours the night.
5. His the labor, ours the rest,
His the death and ours the life;
Ours the fruit of victory,
His the agony and strife

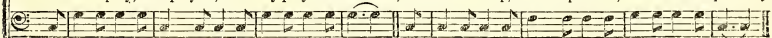


1. Dear Saviour, ever at my side! How loving thou must be, To leave thy home in heaven, to guard A little child like me!
 2. I cannot feel thee touch my hand With pressure light and mild, To check me as my mother did, When I was but a child;
 3. And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down, Morning and night, to prayer, Something there is within my heart Which tells me

[thou art there



Thy beautiful and shining face I see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft, low voice I am too deaf to hear.
 But I have felt thee in my thoughts, Fighting with sin for me; And when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from thee.
 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest, too—Thy prayer is all for me; But when I sleep, thou sleepest not, But watchest patiently.



Coming to Jesus.

- 1 Dear Jesus, I to Thee would come,
 My hope is all in Thee,
 I'm far from God and far from home;
 Oh, help and pity me.
 Although as yet I am but young,
 I have a sinful heart,
 Oft wicked words are on my tongue,
 From Thee I've lived apart.
- 2 Alas! alas! how blind I've been,
 To live contented here!
 My soul all clothed in rags of sin,
 Oh, how must I appear!

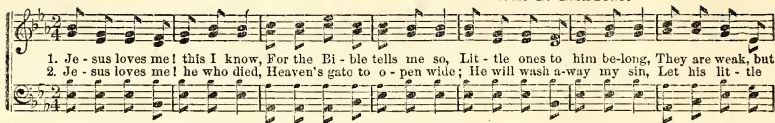
Whenever I am called to die,
 In heaven so bright and fair
 I want to dwell with God on high;
 But how can I get there?

- 3 "Suffer the little ones to come,"
 How often Thou hast said,
 "And I will take them safely home—
 For them my blood was shed."
 Oh, then, I will not be afraid,
 Though called this hour to die;
 Since all my sins on Thee were laid,
 Thou'lt take me up on high. E.P.H.

Jesus Loves Me.

"WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US."—1 John iv. 19.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



CHORUS.



3. Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.—*Chorus.*

4. Jesus loves me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him when I die
He will take me home on high.—*Chorus.*

Jesus "Lifted Up."—John xii. 32.

1. JESUS from his throne on high
Came into this world to die—
That I might from sin be free
Bled and died upon the tree.—*Chorus.*
2. I can see him even now,
With his pierced, thorn-clad brow,
Agonizing on the tree;
Oh! what love, and all for me!—*Chorus.*

3. Now I feel this heart of stone
Drawn to love God's holy Son,
"Lifted up" on Calvary,
Suffering shame and death for me.—*Chorus.*
4. Jesus, take this heart of mine,
Make it pure and wholly thine,
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for thee.—*Chorus.*

IT is not strange that the little child of seven years, who wrote these words, should love to sing about Jesus. There was once a little girl who, the great President Edwards believes, was led to Jesus when she was only four years old; and, before she was six years old, this good man wrote an account of her conversion, which was republished in England. For sixty years she lived to honor her Saviour. This little one talks as if she were one of the lambs of Jesus. She says:

“I am happy. I have been sorry that I was such a sinner. I have loved Jesus ever since the meetings commenced, and I hope I shall love him till I die. I have been singing ever since the meetings began. I love ‘Just now’ the best of all. Your little friend, * * *, seven years old.”

I hope that you too, my dear friend, may be able with the heart to sing the words which I have put into the mouth of this little girl.

1. “Precious Jesus, he is mine!”
Since I heard his loving call
I’ve been singing all the time,
One sweet hymn is best of all.

Chorus. ¶: Yes, Jesus loves me, ¶:
The Bible tells me so.

2. Yes, I love to sing, “Just now,”
Jesus is in every line;

Since I saw his thorn-clad brow,
I’ve been happy all the time.—*Chorus.*

3. Oh! that all my little friends
Would to Jesus come “just now!”
He would wash away their sins,
Lighting up with joy each brow

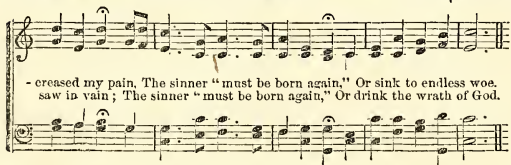
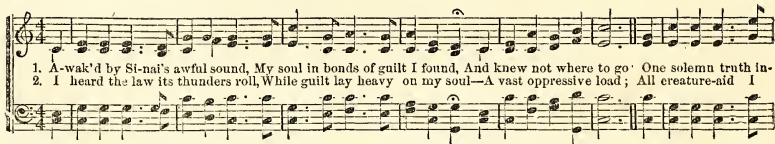
Chorus. ¶: Yes, come to Jesus, ¶:
Oh! come to him “just now!”

“I can Sing with all my Heart.”

THESE are the words of a little girl of eleven summers, who says in her letter: “I wish to tell you the way I gave my heart to the Saviour. When I went to your meetings, and heard you tell of the love of Jesus, I could not stand it any longer, so I gave myself up to Jesus. I prayed this evening that he would take me just as I was. I can now sing with all my heart, ‘I love Jesus, yes, I do.’ I feel a great deal happier now. My age is eleven years. Pray for your little friend.” When this little child wrote those words in her little letter, I don’t suppose that she knew she spoke in “numbers,” as poets do. Let us see if we can put some more words to hers, and so make a little child’s hymn.

1. I can sing with all my heart,
“I love Jesus, yes, I do;”
I have chosen him my “part,”
He has made my heart all new.
- Cho.* ¶: Yes, I love Jesus, ¶: I know, I know I do.
2. When I hear of Jesus’s love,
How to rescue me he dies,
Then my stubborn heart is moved,
Tears gush from my weeping eyes.—*Cho.*

3. Oh! how can I longer stay,
Jesus bids me come to him;
I will give myself away,
He will wash away my sin.—*Cho.*
4. Oft my sins have troubled me,
Then a cloud was on my brow;
Now my Saviour I can see,
And I’m very happy now.—*Cho.*



3. The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquered death and hell
 To bring salvation near;
 Yet still I found this truth remain—
 The sinner "must be born again,"
 Or sink in deep despair.
4. But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The bleeding Saviour passed that way,
 My bondage to remove:
 The sinner, once by justice slain,
 Now by his grace is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

"O Thou that Hear'st the Prayer of Faith."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
 Wilt thou not save a soul from death
 That casts itself on thee:
 I have no refuge of my own,
 But fly to what my God hath done,
 And suffered once for all.</p> <p>2. Slain in the guilty sinner's stead,
 His spotless righteousness I plead,
 And his availing blood;
 That righteousness my robe shall be,
 That merit shall atone for me,
 And bring me near to God.</p> | <p>3. Then save me from eternal death,
 The spirit of adoption breathe,
 His consolations send;
 By him some word of life impart,
 And sweetly whisper to my heart,
 "Thy Maker is thy friend."</p> <p>4. The king of terrors then would be
 A welcome messenger to me,
 To bid me come away:
 Unclogged by earth, or earthly things,
 I'd mount, I'd fly with eager wings,
 To everlasting day.</p> |
|---|--|

“WHEN I SAW THE LOVING JESUS ON THE CROSS, I COULD ALMOST HEAR HIM SAY THAT MY SINS WERE ALL FORGIVEN.”

Listen to what a young convert says, who lingered long ere she gave herself to Christ. She went to church again and again, and came away even more wretched than when she entered. “One evening,” she says, “I went to church almost in despair, and tried to listen, when suddenly I saw the loving Jesus on the cross looking at me, and I could almost hear him say that my sins were forgiven. It was almost too good to believe. The next evening I could not help singing those sweet hymns with the rest of the congregation.” If you, dear reader, have seen with faith the Saviour on the cross bleeding for you, then you, too, can sing with joyful heart the hymn below.

TUNE.—“*Jesus loves me*,” page 33.

1. Jesus on the cross I saw,
Bleeding, dying, all for me,
I could almost hear him say,
All thy sins are pardoned thee,

Chorus. I have seen Jesus,
I have seen Jesus,
I have seen Jesus,
My Saviour, on the cross.

2. First my heart could scarce believe,
That my sins were all forgiven,
But assurance I've received,
And I hope to sing in heaven.—*Chorus.*

3. Now my soul is full of joy,
“I love Jesus, yes, I do;”
Singing is my chief employ,
“Jesus smiles, and loves me too.”—*Chorus*

Child's Prayer.

TUNE.—“*Jesus loves me*,” page 33.

1. JESUS, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee,
I've a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in every part.

Chorus. Dear Jesus, hear me,
Dear Jesus, hear me,
Dear Jesus, hear me,
Oh, listen to my prayer.

2. I can never make it good,
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?

Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I pray to thee.—*Chorus.*

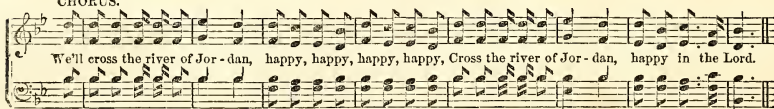
3. When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still,
And I soon do something bad;
Then my heart is dark and sad.—*Chorus*
4. Now I come to thee for aid,
All my hope on thee is stayed,
Thou hast bled and died for me,
I will give myself to thee.—*Chorus.*

Happy in the Lord.

From "GOLDEN SHOWER."



CHORUS.



2. I leave this world of sin behind, happy, &c.
That better home in heav'n to find, happy in, &c.
Fair lands are here, and houses fair, happy, &c.
But fairer is my home up there, happy in, &c.
Chorus.—We'll cross the river, &c.

3. In that fair clime of endless day, happy, &c.
The Lord shall wipe all tears away, happy in, &c.
To living founts, thro' verdant meads, happy, &c.
The Lamb his ransom'd followers leads, happy, &c.
Chorus.—We'll cross the river, &c.

4. The fruits and flowers of Paradise, happy, &c.
In plenteous showers round them rise, happy in, &c.
No death shall visit them again, happy, &c.
No sickness there, no touch of pain, happy in, &c.
Chorus.—We'll cross the river, &c.

5. Farewell, vain world, I'm going home, happy, &c.
My Saviour smiles and bids me come, happy in, &c.
No mourning there, no funeral gloom, happy, &c.
But health and youth for ever bloom, happy in, &c.
Chorus.—We'll cross the river, &c.

Happy in Jesus.

To be sung to the Tune above, using the Chorus, "HAPPY," &c.

1. O happy day! when first we felt
Our souls with deep contrition melt,
And saw our sins, of crimson guilt,
All cleansed by blood on Calvary spilt.

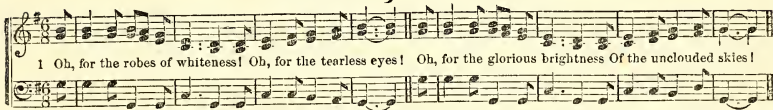
2. O happy day! when first thy love
Began our grateful hearts to move;
And gazing on thy wondrous cross,
We saw all else as worthless dross.

NOTE.—The first and third lines may be sung as solos with good effect, the chorus commencing at the words "Happy," &c.

2. O happy day! when we no more
Shall grieve thee whom our souls adore;
When sorrows, conflicts, fears shall cease,
And all our trials end in peace.
4. O happy day! when we shall see,
And fix our longing eyes on thee,
On thee, our Light, our Life, our Love.
Our All below, our Heaven above.

5. O happy day of cloudless light!
Eternal day without a night;
Lord, when shall we its dawning see,
And spend it all in praising thee?
6. Come, Saviour, come, oh, quickly come,
Take us, thy waiting people, home;
We long to stand around thy throne,
And know thee as ourselves are known.

Robes of Whiteness.

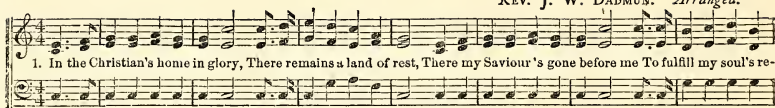


3. Oh, for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet! *
Oh, for the rest of lying
For ever at his feet!
4. Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour, face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

5. Jesus! thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of thy great love to me.
6. Meanwhile my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In thee, and thee alone.

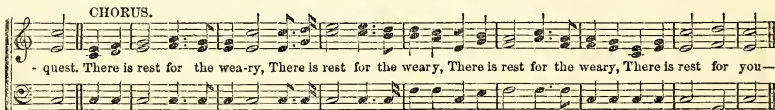
Rest for the Weary.

REV. J. W. DADMUN. *Arranged.*

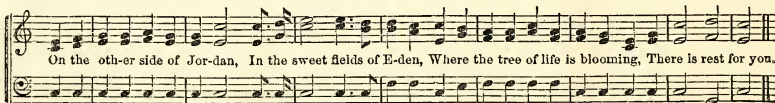


1. In the Christian's home in glory, There remains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone before me To fulfill my soul's re-

CHORUS.



- quest. There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you—



On the oth-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

2. He is fitting up a mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest, &c.
3. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest, &c.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And his sting shall be withdrawn;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.
There is rest, &c.
5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
There is rest, &c.

1. Stay, Thou in - sult - ed Spir - it, stay ! Tho' I have done Thee such des - pite, Cast not a sin - ner
2. Tho' I have most un - faith - ful been Of all whoe'er Thy grace re - ceiv'd ; Ten thousand times Thy

quite a - way, Nor take Thine ever - last - ing flight.
goodness seen, Ten thousand times Thy goodness griev'd ;

- 3 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare
In honor of my great High Priest ;
Nor, in Thy righteous anger, swear
I shall not see Thy people's rest.
- 4 O Lord, my weary soul release,
And raise me by Thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land. C. WESLEY.

Show pity, Lord. L. M.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in Thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace ;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound—
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace ;
Lord, should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just, in death ;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair. WATTS

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low thee; Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for-sak-en,
D. S. Yet how rich is my con-dition,—

Thou from hence my all shalt be; *Fine.* Per-ish ev-ery fond am-bi-tion—All I've sought, or hoped, or known,
God and heaven are still my own! *D. S.*

2. Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
Oh! whilst thou dost smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might!
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3. Perish, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, seern, and pain;
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor life is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charin me—
Were that joy unmixed with theo.

WHAT A STRANGE AND WON- DROUS STORY.

1. WHAT a strange and wondrous story,
From the Book of God is read—
How the Lord of life and glory
Had not where to lay his head.
2. How he left his throne in heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to God on high.
3. Father! let thy Holy Spirit
Still reveal a Saviour's love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where he reigns above;
4. There, with saints and angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling,
All the wonders of his name.

ONE THERE IS.

1. ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2. Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.
3. When he lived on earth abashed
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soften
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

2. Know, my soul! thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think, what spirit dwells within thee;
Think, what Father's smiles are thine;
Think, what Jesus did to win thee;—
Child of heaven! canst thou repine?

2. Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd with faith, and wing'd with prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,—
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

The Union Band.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1st time. 2d time. CHORUS.

1. { Oh, we're a band of brethren dear, Who will join this happy band? }
Who live as pilgrim strangers here,..... { Who will join this happy band? Hal-le-lu-jah,

hal-le-lu-jah, We will join this happy band, Singing hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, We will join this happy band.

2. The prophets and apostles too,
Once belonged to this happy band,
And all God's children here below,
All have joined this happy band.—*Chorus.*

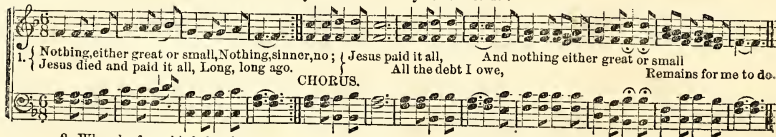
3. Let no contention e'er divide
Members of this happy band;

But firm, united, side by side,
Through this life together stand.—*Chorus*

4. And when death comes, as come it must,
To divide this happy band,
The links will not return to dust,
They will shine at God's right hand.—*Chorus*

Jesus Paid it All.

THE following lyric has been greatly blessed by God in leading the anxious to rest solely in the finished work of Christ. The author, the late Rev. Mr. Proctor of Scotland, says: "Since I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary; and I have heard him, now and again, in bitter disappointment and fear, groaning out: 'What must I do?' I have said to him: 'Do! do! what can you do? what do you need to do?'"



2. When he from his lofty throne
Stood to do and die,
Every thing was fully done—
"Tis finished," was his cry.—*Chorus.*
3. Weary, working, plodding one,
Wherefore toil you so?
Cease your doing; all was done
Long, long ago.—*Chorus.*

4. Till to Jesus' work you cling,
By a simple faith,
"Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death."—*Chorus.*
5. Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
Glorious and complete.—*Chorus.*

Response to "Jesus Paid it All."

THE following hymn was first sung at a large union meeting of children and youth in Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 4th, 1863. We copy it with the accompanying note from the "S. S. TIMES":

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—You all remember that when many of you, last spring, were anxious to know what you should do to be saved, we used to love to sing that sweet hymn, 'Jesus paid it all.'

"I rejoice to learn that so many of you still give pleasing evidence to your dear teachers and pastors, that you did by the help of the Holy Spirit, 'cast your deadly doing at Jesus' feet.' Such of you will, I am sure, understand and join heartily in singing the following verses, which I have recently composed for you. May the Lord assist each of you who trust you have your sins forgiven for Jesus' sake to be 'doing something for him all the way to heaven.'

"With much love and many prayers, your affectionate friend,
"Vernon, Ct., Sept., 1863."

E. P. H.

1. I've cast my deadly doing down,
Down at Jesus' feet;
I stand in him, in him alone,
Glorious and complete.
Chorus. Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe,
And something either great or small,
From love to him I'll do.

2. Now to Jesus' work I'll cling,
By a simple faith,
Doing was a "deadly" thing,
It would have been my death.—*Chorus.*
3. Legal works I've given o'er,
Jesus is my all;
Sins that tasted sweet before
Upon my senses pall.—*Chorus.*

4. 'Twas for me that Jesus bled,
On the cruel tree ;
There he bowed his thorn-clad head,
Oh ! what agony.—*Cho.*

5. 'Twas my sins that nailed him there,
Mine that shed his blood,
Mine that pierced the bleeding side
Of the Son of God.—*Cho.*

6. Now my life shall all be given
To my risen Lord,
Doing all the way to heaven,
Something in his Word.—*Cho.*

I Love to Read the Bible.

If you, my little friends, could see this boy's letter, with its wrong spelling, part of which he has printed, you would think it must have been a very little fellow who spelled out these words. You will see that this boy has been struck by another boy because he talked to him about Jesus. But the Lord has helped him to light upon a sweet verse to comfort him. He came to a great church in New Jersey one day, where were, I suppose, fifteen hundred children and many grown people. The day before, the children were asked to bring in some verses from the Bible, which they loved most. Many of them, when they took their pens in hand, were not satisfied with simply writing a passage of Scripture, for their little hearts were so full of joy that they found that verse in Matt. xii. 31 true : "For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." But you will be more interested to read this dear boy's letter than with any words of mine. So here it is. "The first day i went i did not have an lustrest in the meetings but the next i went i did not fel good untill i asked you to pray for me. And as soon as you got through i went right straight home and i went up stairs and asked god to take away my stonny heart and give me a heart of fleash. And the next morning when i got up i Prayed and then i felt iual happy i felt as though i chould sing Jerus is mine. This is the verse i love 'ye have heard that it hath been said Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemies But i say unto you love your enemies Bless them that curse you and pray for them that despitefully yons you and do good to them that hate you' I love to read the bible which i did not yourse to the more i read the bible the more i love to read it i love my enemies now—the other day i was talking to a boy about Jesus and he smaked me in the face for it but i said to myself that he would be sorry for it at the Judgement wheu god would ask him what he done that for how can he answer and then would say get the away thou cursed i never new you. BLESSED. ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SACKE FORE THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN." So you see how this boy learned to love the Bible. He was once blind to all its beauties, but after he had prayed and asked God for a "new heart," then with the new heart came a new light upon the "Guide-book," which God has given us to point the way to heaven. And if you, my little reader, wish really to love the Bible and the Sabbath School, you must get this new heart too. When I was in Scotland and Italy, I used to get long letters from my dear mother. But what if I had scarcely read them—had left them in my trunk for a long time—would that mother have believed me, if I had written home that my heart was full of love to her? No, no—she would have known better. And if you say that you love God, and yet don't love to read the precious letter which he has so kindly written to you, will He or your friends believe you? Oh, no! If you do not love the Bible, you must ask God for a new heart, and then you will love not only the Bible, but you will find it as a little girl in Bath, in Maine, did. who had just become a Christian, once said to me, "ALL FULL ABOUT JESUS." Will you not, then, "just now" offer this little prayer? "O Lord, show me what a sinner I have been not to love the precious Bible. Please to give me a new heart, so that I shall love to read in the Bible all about how Jesus suffered on the cross for me—how the cruel nails were driven through his hands and feet for my sake. May I see what my wicked sins have done, and I hate them. Oh, help me as I read in God's Book about the loving Jesus, to believe in him and be saved. Hear this, my prayer, for Christ's sake. Amen."

1. Now the book I love to read
That speaks of Jesus' love,
There I find that he indeed
For me has shed his blood.

Chorus.—The Bible tells me
All I need to know,
Of Jesus' sufferings on the tree
For me so long ago.

2. "Full of Jesus" every page,
Blessed, blessed book!
Joy it brings to youth and age,
Who for its treasures look.—*Chorus.*

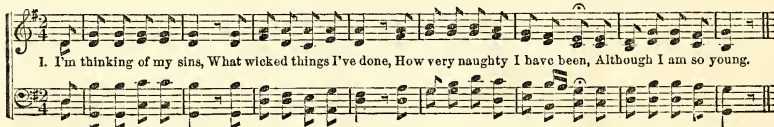
3. In this blessed, precious mine
Is the pearl of greatest worth;
Seek for it, and you will find
The richest prize on earth.—*Chorus.* E. P. H.

"I'm Thinking of my Sins."

Thus writes a little girl, only ten years of age. Though so young, she felt herself to be a sinner. Have you, my little friend, been led to see that you too are a sinner? Have you ever thought how it was that your sins nailed the dear Saviour to the cross? I pray that you, like this little child, may be able to say, "Jesus forgave me my sins," and then you will love to sing the words which I supposed her to utter.

"DEAR FRIEND:—When I first came to those meetings, I merely came to hear some stories, but I began to feel very differently, before I came out, when one of the kind ministers asked me if I loved Jesus. I told him I did, but I am afraid I told him a lie, but when I went out, I began to think about my sins, and I prayed to Jesus to forgive me my sins, and he did so, and now I feel happier than I did before. Will you pray for me that I may never go back?"

"Your little friend, ten years of age."



1. I'm thinking of my sins, What wicked things I've done, How very naughty I have been, Although I am so young.

2. How wicked is my heart,
How can I be forgiven,
Should I with earth be called to part,
I could not sing in heaven.

3. But Jesus he has died
For little ones like me,
He on the cross was crucified,
From sin to set me free.

4. With all my load of sin,
I'll go to Jesus' feet,
I'll tell him all, how bad I've been,
His mercy I'll entreat.

5. I know my prayer he'll hear,
He'll fill my heart with love,
He'll drive away my guilty fear,
And take me home above.

Looking only to Jesus.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND PROMOTER OF OUR FAITH."—*Heb. xii. 2.*

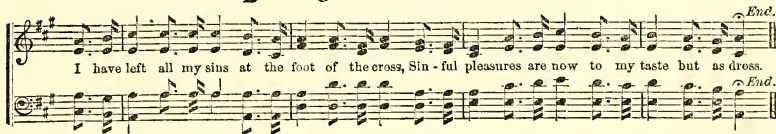
Music by WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Look-ing on - ly to Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied One, Who invites all that mourn, will you come, will you come?

Looking only to Jesus. Concluded.

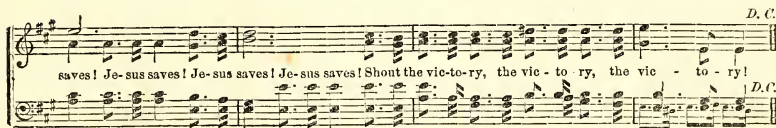
51



I have left all my sins at the foot of the cross, Sin - ful pleasures are now to my taste but as dross. *End.*



Je - sus died! Je - sus died! Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Sound the tidings forth! Sound the tidings forth! Je - sus



saves! Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! Shout the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry! *D. C.*

2.

Oh, how oft have I heard of the Saviour who died,
That my fears might be quelled, and my tears all be dried;
But, alas! my proud heart was too stubborn to yield
To his kind invitation to come and be healed.

Cho.—Jesus lives! &c.

3.

But at length God in mercy has led me to see,
That if I would find safety to Christ I must flee;

The avenger of blood I have seen on my track,
But with Jesus my refuge I'll never turn back.

Cho.—Jesus lives! &c.

4.

Still to Jesus I'll look though life's journey be long;
When approaching the river let this be my song:
All my sins washed away in the *peace-speaking blood*,
Come, dear Jesus, come quickly and take me to God.

Cho.—Jesus lives! &c.

E. P. H

"I've Done it—Done it Now."

In a children's meeting, in New Jersey, where many were seeking the forgiveness of their sins, was a little girl, weeping as though her heart would break. We tried to soothe her by telling her how Jesus had died to save sinners like her, and that if she would give herself to him, he would receive her, and wash away her sins—but her only answer was, "I can't, I can't. It is so hard." Her little heart seemed very stubborn. She went home with a heart full of sorrow. Next day she pressed her way through a crowd of children, and, seizing me by the hand, with a face beaming with joy, said, "I've done it, I've done it." "What is it you've done?" I asked. "Why," said she, "I just gave myself right up to Jesus, and he took away my stubborn heart, and now I love him." You will, perhaps, like to sing these simple lines, which I have written about the way this little one came to the Saviour.



2.

"What is't you've done?" I asked
When quick was her reply,
"I gave myself right up to Christ,
Who on the cross did die.

3.

"My wicked, stubborn heart
He's taken all away;
And now I love my dearest Lord,
My hopes on him I stay."

4.

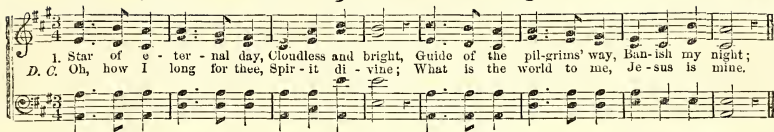
Dear, happy little one,
The angels will rejoice
To see thee trusting God's dear Son,
And list'ning to his voice.

5.

Will you, my little friend,
Go do the same to-day?
Oh' flee at once to Jesus' arms,
There's danger in delay.

Star of Eternal Day.

* 53



1. Star of e - ter - nal day, Cloudless and bright, Guide of the pil-grims' way, Ban-ish my night;
D. C. Oh, how I long for thee, Spir - it di - vine; What is the world to me, Je - sus is mine.



Come, thou ce - les - tial Dove, Dwell in my heart! Source of im - mor - tal love Nev - er de - part.
D. C.

2. Over the rolling wave,
 Cheerless and dark,
 Thou who hast power to save,
 Steer thou my bark:
 What though the storm be heard
 Far o'er the deep;
 Lord, 'tis thy gentle word
 Lulls it to sleep.

Help me to trust in thee,
 Spirit divine;
 Earth has no joy for me,
 Jesus is mine.

3. When shall my wanderings cease,
 When shall I rest
 Safe in the port of peace,
 Happy and blest.

There from thy dear embrace
 Severed no more
 Lord, I shall see thy face,
 Praise and adore.
 Oh! I would fly to thee,
 Spirit divine;
 Earth has no tie for me,
 Jesus is mine.

C.

Come, heavy-ladened One.

1. Come, heavy-ladened one,
 Sighing for rest;
 Come, as a weary bird
 Flies to her nest.
 Now the accepted time,
 Now is the day;
 Come to the mercy-seat,
 Why wilt thou stay?
Cho.—Hark! 'tis thy Father's voice,
 Calling to thee;
 Come, heavy-ladened one,
 Come unto me.

2. Come like the prodigal,
 He will receive;
 He will forgive thee all,
 Only believe.
 Joy to the mourning heart,
 He will restore;
 Turn from the path of sin,
 Wander no more.
Cho.—Hark! 'tis thy Father's voice,
 Calling to thee;
 Come, heavy-ladened one,
 Come unto me.

3. Linger not, linger not,
 Work while 'tis day;
 Come, ere the shades of night
 Close on thy way.
 Life is a fleeting dream,
 Soon 'twill be o'er;
 Turn from its fading joys,
 Wander no more.
Cho.—Hark! 'tis thy Father's voice,
 Calling to thee;
 Come, heavy-ladened one,
 Come unto me.

T'm a Pilgrim going Home.



1. { I'm a pil - grim bound for glo - ry, I'm a pil - grim go - ing home; }
 { Come, and hear me tell my sto - ry, All who love the Sav-iour come. } I love Je - sus, hal - le -
 lu - jah! I love Je - sus, yes, I do; I love Je - sus, he's my Sav-iour, Jesus smiles and loves me too.

2. First his Holy Spirit sought me,
 In the dark and cloudy day:
 Soon his grace and mercy taught me,
 In his Word to seek the way.
Chorus.—I love Jesus, &c.

3. Faint and weary then he brought me
 To the fountain of his love,
 Showed me how his blood had bought
 Sealed my pardon from above. [me,
Chorus.—I love Jesus, &c.

4. Sight he gave me in my blindness,
 For the better land to start,
 And his tender loving-kindness
 Overcame and won my heart.
Chorus.—I love Jesus, &c.

5. Through the wilderness he led me,
 Strength in weakness he bestowed,
 With the bread of life he fed me,
 Streams of living water flowed.
Chorus.—I love Jesus, &c.

6. Is the journey still before me,
 Desert lands where drought abides?
 Heavenly streams shall still restore me,
 Fresh from God's unfailing tides.
Chorus.—I love Jesus, &c.

7. Soon to Jordan's swelling river,
 Like a pilgrim, I shall go,
 Then to be with Christ for ever,
 I'll go, singing, Glory, home.
Chorus.—I love Jesus, &c.

Christians, I am on my Journey.

1.
 CHRISTIANS, I am on my journey;
 Ere I reach the narrow sea
 I would tell the wondrous story,
 What the Lord has done for me.
Oho.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Tho' a stranger, here I roam;
 I am on my way to Zion,
 I'm a pilgrim going home.

2.
 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
 Taught my heart to seek his face;
 From a wild and lonely desert
 Brought me to his fold of grace.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, &c.

3.
 Now my soul with rapture glowing,
 Sings aloud his pardoning love,

Looks beyond a world of sorrow,
 To the pilgrim's home above.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, &c.

4.
 I shall yet behold my Saviour
 When the day of life is o'er,
 I shall cast my crown before him,
 I shall praise him evermore.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, &c.

Life for a Look.

55

"LOOK UNTO HIM AND BE SAVED"



1. { There is LIFE for a LOOK at the Cru - ci - fied One; There is life at this moment for thee; }
 { Then look, sin-ner—look un - to him, and be saved—Un - to him who was nailed to the tree }

Look un to him, look un - to him, Un - to him who was nailed to the tree

2.

Oh! why was he there as the bearer of sin,
 If on Jesus thy sins were not laid?
 Oh! why from his side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
 If his dying thy debt has not paid?

3.

It is not thy tears of repentance or prayers,
 But THE BLOOD that atones for the soul:
 On him, then, who shed it thou mayest at once
 Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4.

We are healed by his stripes;—would'st thou add to the
 word?
 And he is our righteousness made:
 The best robe of heaven he bids thee put on:
 Oh! could'st thou be better arrayed?

5.

Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared,
 There remaineth no more to be done;
 That once in the end of the world he appeared,
 And completed the whole he begun.

6.

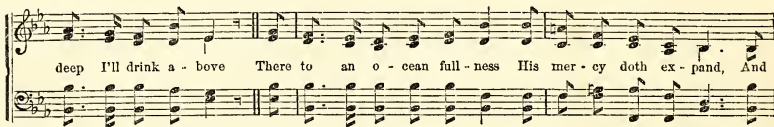
But take, with rejoicing, from Jesus at once
 The life everlasting he gives;
 And know, with assurance, thou never canst die,
 Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

7.

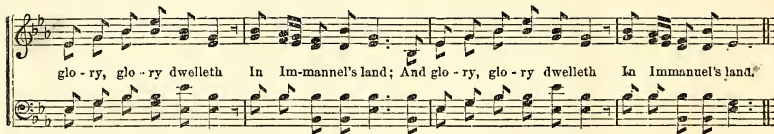
There is LIFE for a LOOK at the Crucified One;
 There is life at this moment for thee;
 Then look, sinner—look unto him, and be saved,
 And know thyself spotless as he.



1. Oh! Christ, he is the fount-ain, The deep sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've tast-ed, More



deep I'll drink a - bove There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And



glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Im-mannel's land; And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

2 With mercy and with judgment,
My web of time he wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
We lusted with his love.
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When thron'd where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine,
He wins a poor vile sinner,
By his love divine.
I stand upon his merit;
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze on glory,
But on my King of Grace.
Not on the crown he giveth,
But on his pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

1. { No - thing on earth is to me half so dear, Dear as the cross, Dear as the cross; }
 { No time so sweet nor so joy - ous as here, (Omit.) }
 D. C. Here we are saf - est, and hap - piest, and best, (Omit.)

End. D. C.
 Here at the cross, at the cross. { Here is sal - va - tion, for - give - ness, and rest! }
 { Here all are beck - oned to hast - en to rest! }
 End. D. C.
 Here at the cross, at the cross.

2. Man was redeemed, and life was procured,
 Here at the cross;
 Grace was imparted, and heaven secured,
 Here at the cross.
 Here the Redeemer in agony died!
 Here "It is finished"—exultingly cried!
 Here the Offended approvingly smiled!
 Here at the cross.

3. Here I discovered my sins were forgiven,
 Here at the cross;
 Here I obtained a sweet title to heaven,
 Here at the cross.
 Here I'm refreshed, as right onward I go!
 Here every blessing experienced I owe!
 Here I can smile both in sorrow and woe,
 Here at the cross.

4. Self-righteous men in their works vainly trust,
 Give me the cross;
 Structures like these soon will crumble to dust—
 Not so the cross.
 Merit disclaiming—this anchor's my stay!
 Here I'll remain, and beneath it I'll pray!
 Of it I'll sing for ever and aye,
 Sing of the cross.

5. Here to the world I'll incessantly cry.
 Cry from the cross;
 Here at its base I will lay me and die,
 Die 'neath the cross.
 This shall illumine the dark lonely grave!
 Bear me while crossing the deep chilly wave!
 Land me safe o'er with the free and the brave,
 Safe through the cross.

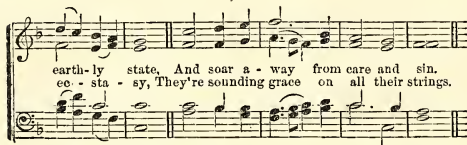
58 The Christian's View of the Celestial City.

"OPEN WIDE THE GATES, AND LET THY TREMBLING CHILD COME IN."

J. HATTON.



1. Dear Saviour, o - pen wide the gate, And let thy trembling child come in; I long to leave this
2. With eye of faith e'en now I see The joy-ful cher-ubs clap their wings; With songs of ho - ly



earth-ly state, And soar a - way from care and sin.
ec - sta - sy, They're sounding grace on all their strings.

Vernon, Ct., Feb. 1865.

3. But One I see amid the throng,
His head with radiant glory crowned;
He is the object of their song,
His praises through high heaven resound.

4. Soon shall I join the heavenly choir,
Where sits my Saviour on the throne;
With saints and angels strike my lyre,
In praising him whose blood atoned.

E. P. H.

Within the Vail with Jesus.

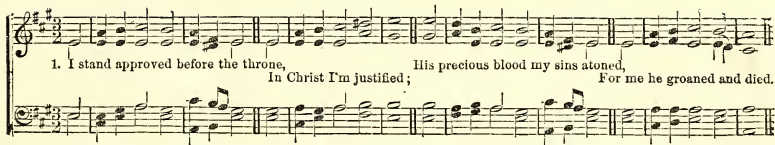
1. BEFORE the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea;
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever stands and pleads for me.
2. My name is graven on his hands,
My name is written on his heart;
I know that, while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.
3. When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there,
Who made an end of all my sin.

4. Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the Just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.
5. Behold him there! the bleeding Lamb!
My perfect, spotless Righteousness,
The great unchangeable "I AM,"
The King of glory and of grace.
6. One with himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

Longing for Heaven.

59

"I STAND APPROVED IN CHRIST."—*Mother's last words.*



1. I stand approved before the throne,
In Christ I'm justified; His precious blood my sins atoned,
For me he groaned and died.

2. No fears of death alarm me now,
Christ is my Righteousness;
His name is written on my brow,
His is my glorious dress.

3. He'll give me wings to fly away
To mansions bright above;

Vernon, Ct., Feb. 6, 1865.

There I shall sing, through endless day,
The glories of his love.

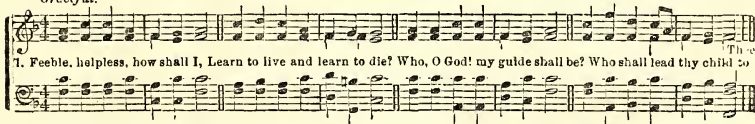
4. Bright pleasures now for evermore
Shall fill my soul with joy;
"Approved in Christ!" what ask I more?
Let praise be my employ.

E. P. H.

Dependence. 7s.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

Graceful.



1. Feeble, helpless, how shall I, Learn to live and learn to die? Who, O God! my guide shall be? Who shall lead thy child to ^{Thine}

2 Blessed Father, gracious One.
Thou hast sent thy holy Son,
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps shall lead.

3 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lord,

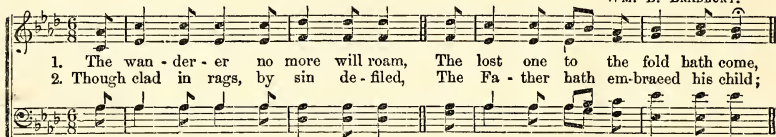
In my meekness, thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to die.

4 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear.
Feeling Thee, my Saviour, near.

“Just as I Am.”

“BEHOLD, WHAT MANNER OF LOVE THE FATHER HATH BESTOWED UPON US, THAT WE SHOULD BE CALLED THE SONS OF GOD, BELOVED, NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD.”—1 John 3:1, 2.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. The wan - der - er no more will roam, The lost one to the fold hath come,
2. Though clad in rags, by sin de - filed, The Fa - ther hath em-braced his child;



- The prod - i - gal is wel-come home, O Lamb of God, in thee.
And I am par-doned, rec - on-ciled, O Lamb of God, in thee.

3. It is the Father's joy to bless;
His love provides for me a dress—
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in thee!
4. Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread;
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in thee!
5. Yea, in the fullness of his grace,
He puts me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon his face,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

6. I cannot half his love express;
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess,
This blessed portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in thee!
7. It is *thy* precious name I bear,
It is *thy* spotless robe I wear,
Therefore, the Father's love I share,
O Lamb of God, in thee!
8. And when I in thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be thine,
That everlasting praise is mine,
O Lamb of God, in thee!

The Penitent Child.

S. J. VAIL. 61

From "CHAPEL MELODIES," by permission.



1. Altho' a child, I've often sought, To know the way to heaven ; Of Jesus I have long been taught, But never been forgiven.

- 2 With sorrow deep I've ne'er confessed
How wicked I have been ;
But look, O Lord, within my breast
And teach me all my sin.
- 3 And help me, Lord, with grief heart-felt,
To sorrow for my guilt,

Dear Jesus, cause my heart to melt,—
For me Thy blood was spilt.

- 4 Dear Saviour, now to Thee I come,
To Thee alone I cling ;
Oh ! take me to Thy glorious home,
And then Thy praise I'll sing. E. P. H.

The Lord our Righteousness.

- 1 O Lord ! how can I come to Thee,
All covered o'er with sin ?
My wicked heart would from Thee flee ;
How sinful I have been !
- 2 Black marks of sin are on my soul,
Sin is my only dress ;
My wickedness can ne'er be told,
I have no righteousness.
- 3 The wedding garment is not mine
Oh ! in that last great day,

From which, for aye, shall be no time,
Oh, then, what wilt Thou say ?

- 4 Oh, now, dear Saviour, give me Thine,
Thy blood-bought righteousness ;
For thine own sake please make it mine,
My soul's all-perfect dress.
- 5 Help me henceforth to hate those sins
Which cost Thee so much pain ;
Thy praises evermore I'll hymn,
Thy loss was all my gain. E. P. H.

You Must be a Lover of the Lord.

CHORUS.

1. { Re - turn, O wand'rer, to thy home, Thy Fa - ther calls for thee; } { For you must be a lov - er of the
 { No long - er now an ex - ile roam, In guilt and mis - er - y. } { For you must be a lov - er of the

Lord, For you must be a lov - er of the Lord, {
 Lord, Or you can't go to heav - en when you die. }

2. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
 The Spirit and the Bride say come;
 Oh! now for refuge flee.
Cho.—For you must, &c.

3. Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
 'Tis madness to delay;
 There are no pardons in the tomb,
 And brief is mercy's day.
Cho.—For you must, &c.

Yet There is Room.

1. YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
 Behold a royal feast,
 Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
 For every humble guest.
Cho.—For you must, &c.

2. There Jesus stands with open arms;
 He calls—he bids you come:
 Though guilt restrains, and fear alarms,
 Behold, there yet is room.
Cho.—For you must, &c.

3. Oh, come, and with his children taste
 The blessings of his love;

While hope expects the sweet repast
 Of sweeter joys above.

Cho.—For you must, &c.

4. There, with united heart and voice,
 Before th' eternal throne,
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
 In songs on earth unknown.
Cho.—For you must, &c.

5. And yet ten thousand thousand more
 Are welcome still to come!
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,
 And enter while there's room.
Cho.—For you must, &c.

Praise and Consecration.

TUNE—"Worthy, worthy is the Lamb," page 19

- 1 Come, ye children, sweetly sing
Praises to your Saviour-King ;
Hearts and voices gladly bring ;
Praise his name !
- 2 Jesus is the children's Friend,
Loving, faithful to the end ;
Richest gifts from him descend,—
Joy and peace.
- 3 Once from heaven to earth he came,
Suffered death, contempt, and blame,
Died upon a cross of shame.
Crowned with thorns.
- 4 'Twas our sinful souls to save
Thus his precious blood he gave ;
Ransom'd now from sin's dark grave,
We may sing.

- 5 Oh, what boundless grace and love !
Passing all our thoughts above ;
Fear and unbelief remove,
At the cross.
- 6 Blessed Jesus, loving, kind,
We would early seek and find,
And our souls in covenant bind.
Thine to be.
- 7 Far our sins we deeply grieve ;
But thy promise we believe,
"Him that cometh, I receive ;"
Lord, we come.
- 8 Help us love thee more and more,
Serve thee truly evermore,
Till thy mercy we adore
In heaven above.

ETA.

The coming of the Lord.

TUNE.—"Looking only to Jesus," page 50.

- 1 Thou hast taught us, dear Jesus, to look for the day
When the trumpet shall sound that shall call us away,
And when those who have died in the faith shall arise,
And with us who remain, be 'caught up' to the skies.
CHO: Jesus come, quickly come.
To receive Thine own, to receive Thine own
Jesus come, quickly come.
Give the victory, the victory, the victory.
- 2 'Behold, quickly I come,' were Thy words long ago
But, oh ! why, tell us why, is Thy progress so slow !
Oh ! how many have watched, and have waited in vain,
And have died without seeing Thee coming again.—*Cho.*
- 3 Well we know, blessed Lord, though Thy journey seems long—
Thou art hastening the day, when with one joyful song,
We shall hail thine appearing with sweet songs of praise,
And for ever shall dwell with the 'Ancient of days.' *Cho.*
- 4 O Lord ! we would stand with our lamps burning bright,
For thy word doth declare that far spent is the night ;
Therefore, till Thou shalt come we will cling to thy
Word,
And be 'like unto men that do wait for their Lord.' *Cho.*
'Luke, xii, 36.

E.P.H.

Beautiful River

"AND HE SHEWED ME A PURE RIVER OF WATERS OF LIFE, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, PROCEEDING OUT OF THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB."—REV. xxii. 1. By permission of the author, REV. R. LOWRIE

Cheerful.

1 Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod; With its crystal tide for -
2 On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray, We will walk and worship

CHORUS.

ev - er Flowing by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The
ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day. Yes, we'll gath - er, &c.

p
beauti - ful, the beauti - ful riv - er—Gather with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-king we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.—*Cho.*

4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.—*Cho*

5 At the smiling of the river,
Rippling with the Saviour's face
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Cho.*

6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease.
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of Peace.

Many of the children in London were interested to hear about a "Golden Chain," which I told them had five links and yet reached all the way to Heaven. And that any one who got hold of the first link would in time reach the last one. I explained to them, that if they came to Jesus and trusted in Him, that God by His Holy spirit, would change their hearts and help them to get the second link HOLINESS, and then they would love to work for the precious Saviour, and so they would have the third link USEFULNESS, and thus working for Jesus, they would secure the fourth link

HAPPINESS, finally they would reach the last link HEAVEN. A gentleman who was present and heard this, wrote the following lines which many children who believe that they have already hold of the four links of the "Golden Chain" have loved to sing. It is my prayer that you too, my little friends may come to the open arms of the loving Saviour, who "WAS WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSIONS," and TRUST in Him, and then with the hand of Faith you will have hold of the FIRST LINK of the "Golden Chain," and then finally you will reach the last link HEAVEN.

TUNE.—"Shall we gather at the River."

I. JESUS.

Now with joyous hearts we're singing,
Christ has sought us not in vain;
To our Jesus we are clinging,
For we've found the Golden Chain.

CHO.—Yes, yes, we will cling to Jesus,
The dearest link in all the Golden Chain,
Yes, yes, we will cling to Jesus,
And we shall meet in heaven.

.. II. HOLINESS.

Father, make Thy children holy.
Since to Jesus we have come;
Let our hearts be pure and lowly,
Fitted for Thy spirits home.

Christian, go and tell to Jesus,
How He died to save our souls;
How that He from sin might free us,
Suffered agonies untold.

CHO.—Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
The pure and holy, meek and lowly Jesus;
Yes, we'll go and tell of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save.

2 Tell the guilty of their danger,
While they wander far from God:

III. USEFULNESS.

Father, make the children useful,
Let us tell Thy work of grace,
To some poor benighted sinners,
That they, too, may seek Thy face.

IV. HAPPINESS.

Father, Thou hast made us happy,
Happy in our Saviour's love:
Now we love to sing Thy praises
Ere we reach our home above.

V. HEAVEN.

Father, bring us all to Heaven;
Then the last link we shall gain—
See our Saviour's face in glory,
And complete the GOLDEN CHAIN.

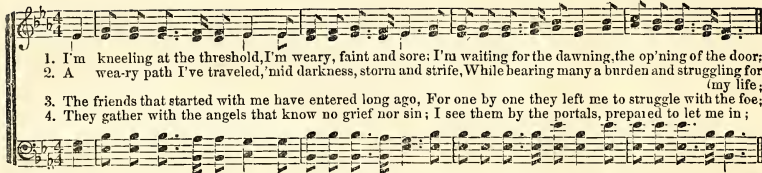
C. DAVIES, London, Eng. 1867

Christian, Go and tell of Jesus.

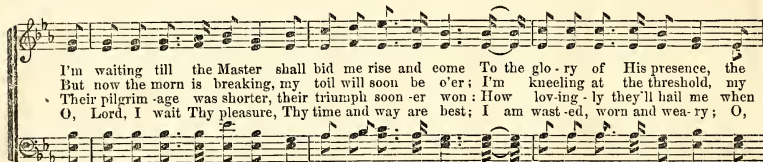
While they live to Christ a stranger,
And reject His precious Word.—*Cho.*
3 Tell them of the joys of heaven,
Purchased by the Saviour's blood;
How that they might be forgiven,
Jesus left His home above.—*Cho.*
4 Tell them how He hath ascended,
To prepare a home on high;
Where all sorrows shall be ended,
Where the good shall never die.—*Cho.* E. J. H.

Waiting at the Door

From "CHAPEL MELODIES," Rev. R. LOWRY.

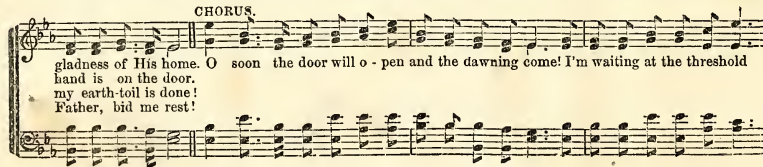


1. I'm kneeling at the threshold, I'm weary, faint and sore; I'm waiting for the dawning, the op'ning of the door;
 2. A wea-ry path I've traveled, 'mid darkness, storm and strife, While bearing many a burden and struggling for
 3. The friends that started with me have entered long ago, For one by one they left me to struggle with the foe;
 4. They gather with the angels that know no grief nor sin; I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in;



I'm waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come To the glo-ry of His presence, the
 But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er; I'm kneeling at the threshold, my
 Their pilgrim-age was shorter, their triumph soon-er won: How lov-ing-ly they'll hail me when
 O, Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and way are best; I am wast-ed, worn and wea-ry; O,

CHORUS.



gladness of His home. O soon the door will o - pen and the dawning come! I'm waiting at the threshold
 hand is on the door.
 my earth-toil is done!
 Father, bid me rest!

Waiting at the Door. Concluded.

67

of my heavenly home; Lov'd ones before me now walk the shining floor, And I am waiting, waiting at the door.

On the Cross.

FINE.

Arranged by M.

1 { Be - hold ! behold ! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross ; }
 For you he shed his precious blood, On the cross, on the cross ; } Now hear his all im -
 D. C. Draw near and see your Sa - viour die, On the cross, on the cross.

D. C.
 portant cry, "E - loi la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni !

3 And now the mighty deed is done,
 On the cross, on the cross ;
 The battle's fought, the vict'ry's won,
 On the cross, on the cross.
 To heav'n He turns His languid eyes—
 " 'Tis finished now," the conq'r'or cries,
 Then bows His sacred head and dies.
 On the cross, on the cross.

4 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
 Of the cross, of the cross ;
 In nothing else my soul shall glory,
 Save the cross, save the cross.
 Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
 Through time and in eternity,
 That Jesus tasted death for me,
 On the cross, on the cross

2 Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
 On the cross, on the cross :
 He drinks for you the bitter cup
 On the cross, on the cross.
 The rocks do rend, the mountains quake
 While Jesus doth atonement make,
 While Jesus suffers for our sake,
 On the cross, on the cross.

5 Let every mourner rise and cling
 To the cross, to the cross ;
 Let every Christian come and sing
 Round the cross, round the cross.
 There let the preacher take his stand,
 And with the Bible in his hand,
 Go preach the doctrine through the land,
 Of the cross of the cross.

Love for Jesus.

Words by V

From "FRESH LAURELS," by permission.

1. I love the name of Jesus, That name the an - gels sing; And with their loud hosannas, The

heavenly por - tals ring To Him my all con - fid - ing, In Him my joy complete,

REFRAIN.
I learn with christian meekness My du - ty at His feet. I love, I love, I

I love, I love,
love the name of Jesus, The sweetest name, The name, ... The name the an - gels sing.

The sweetest name, The name the an - gels sing

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 I love to think of Jesus,
When all is calm and still ;
When pure and holy feelings,
My grateful bosom fill.
I love to think of Jesus,
Whose mercy crowns my days,</p> | <p>How just are all his counsels,
How true are all his ways. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>O, may his spirit help me
To live for him alone.
To labor for my Saviour,
My greatest joy shall be,
I know that Jesus loves me
Because he died for me.—<i>Cho</i></p> |
| | <p>3 I love to work for Jesus,
And worship at his throne ;</p> | |

The precious Bible.

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| <p>1 I love the precious Bible,
Which God himself has given,
To teach the old, and children too,
The way that leads to heaven.
I love the precious Bible ;
'Tis full of life and truth ;
'Twill guide me from the path of
sin,
And shield my tender youth.
<i>CHO.</i> I love, I love, I love the
precious Bible,</p> | <p>The only book The Book—
The book which God has given.</p> <p>2 I love the precious Bible ;
It tells me of a Friend
Who died to save my soul from
death ;
He'll keep me to the end.
I love the precious Bible ;
It speaks of Jesus' love,</p> | <p>Who for my soul was crucified,
That I might live above.—<i>Cho</i></p> <p>3 I love the precious Bible,
No wonder people die [book
Rather than part with that dear
Which came from God on high.
Oh, yes, I love the Bible :
Lord, help me to obey
All that is written in thy word,
And read it every day. E.P.H</p> |
|---|---|---|

Gethsemane.

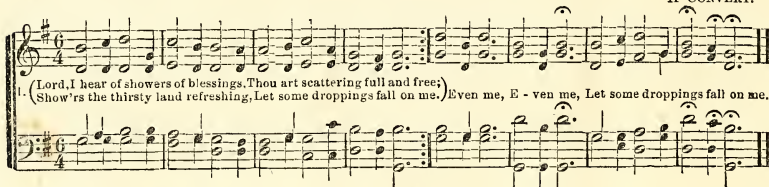
TUNE.—Remember me, page 25.

- | | | |
|--|--|---|
| <p>1 My Jesus, I would ne'er forget
That hour I spent with Thee ;
When there I saw Thy bloody
I dark Gethsemane, [sweat
<i>CHO.</i> I'll ne'er forget, I'll ne'er
forget,
I'll ne'er forgetful be
When there I saw Thy bloody
In dark Gethsemane. [sweat</p> | <p>2 'Twas in that olive press I felt,
That Thou didst bleed for me ;—
Alas ! how great I saw my guilt
While in Gethsemane.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 I thought of how Thy heart did
throb,
While 'all' Thine own did flee,
And left thee with the cruel mob
In sad Gethsemane.—<i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 'Twas there I felt my guilt and
In oft forsaking Thee ; [shame
How precious was Thy very name
In dear Gethsemane.—<i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Should e'er our love to Thee
And we forgetful be, [grow cold,
We'll call to mind Thy love untold
While in Gethsemane.—<i>Cho.</i>
E.P.H</p> |
|--|--|---|

The following note was read at one of the large union prayer meetings in the First Presbyterian church, (O. S.) Rochester.

"Mr. H:—Thank you for singing that hymn, 'EVEN ME,' for it was the singing of that hymn that has saved me. I was a lost woman, a wicked mother. I have stolen, and lied, and been so bad to my dear little innocent children. I have no friend. I have attended your inquiry meetings, but no one came to me on account of the crowd, so I went away always wretched—lost. But Saturday afternoon, at the First Presbyterian Church, when they all sung those beautiful words, 'Let some droppings light on ME, and blessing others, O bless me, even me, It seemed to reach my very soul. I thought Jesus can accept 'me, even ME.' a bad, wicked, passionate mother; and it brought me to His feet, and I feel my burden of sin removed. Jesus has accepted ME, EVEN ME. Can you wonder that I love those words, or love to hear them sung? Ah! may I too sing them when He shall take me before his throne at the last and accept EVEN ME. God bless you. Yours truly.

A CONVERT.



- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let thy mercy light on me,—Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee;
Fain I'm longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see

- Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me,—Even me.
- 6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord to thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me,—Even me.

“He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. —Ps. xl. 3.

While in Weston super Mary, England, it was my privilege to meet with Mrs. CODNER, the esteemed author of the well known hymn, ‘EVEN ME.’ She was grateful to God when she learned how much it had been blessed in the United States. She very kindly gave me, at that time, the following hymn, never before in print, which will be found expressive of the joyful feelings of those who in sorrow have sung ‘EVEN ME.’

- 1 Lord! to Thee my heart ascending
For thy mercy full and free,
Sings its thanks for grace transcending,
Grace vouchsafed to sinful me—Even me.
- 2 Holy Father! who with yearning
Of eternal love, didst see
This poor blind one’s evil turning;
Thou didst give thy Son for me—Even me.
- 3 Precious Saviour! Great Redeemer!
Praise, eternal praise to Thee!
Though so long a wandering sinner,
Thou hast kindly welcomed me—Even me.
- 4 And to Thee, O mighty Spirit,
Blessing shall for ever be;
Witnessing of Jesus’ merit,
Thou hast bro’t sweet peace to me—Even me.

- 5 But I’m lost in joyful wondering,
And I say—oh, can it be,
That there will be no more sundering
’Twixt my blessed Lord and me?—Even me.
- 6 Can it be that I, an alien,
Now a child shall ever be?
Can it be that, all forgiven,
Glory is prepared for me?—Even me.
- 7 Yes! for Jesus liveth ever,
And his blood hath made me free;
From his love no foe can sever,
For He gave *Himself* for me.—Even me.
- 8 Lord! I thank Thee for salvation,
Grace so mighty and so free;
Take my all in consecration,
Glorify Thyself in me—Even me.

Jesus on the cross.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1867.

“Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.”—Eph. v. 2.

- 1 Here it was the Lord of Glory
At Golgotha died for me,
Here I read the wondrous story
Of his death to set me free.
- 2 Here his hands and feet all bleeding,
Fast were nailed unto the cross;
Here his wounds for me were pleading,
When my gain was all his loss.
- 3 Here by God he was forsaken, E. P. H
When he took the sinner’s place,

- For his sake I now am taken
Into favor under grace.
- 4 Here the sword of justice slew him,
That I might be justified;
Praise the Lord I ever knew him,
That for me he bled and died.
- 5 Blessed Jesus, I will love thee,
Love thee till my latest breath.
And in heaven I will adore thee,
When these eyes are closed in death.

The precious blood of Jesus.

Arranged by H.

1 { Je - sus, thy precious blood a - lone } [hast
 { Does for my ma - ny sins a - tone : } Thou hast taken my feet from the mire and the clay, And
 2 { And thou from sin will set me free, }
 { O Glo - ry ! Christ has died for me. } Thou hast taken, &c.

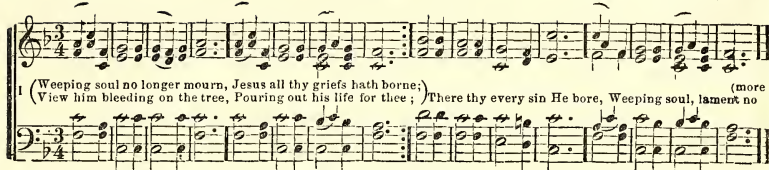
set them on the Rock of Ages!

- 3 Lo ! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Wilt take me to thee, whose I am.
 4 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
 5 Now will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found
 6 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, Behold the way to God.

The new Song.

He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay ; and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings, and hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God ; many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

- 1 I once was in the "miry clay,"
 But now I'm in the King's highway.
 Cho. Thou hast taken my feet from the mire and
 the clay,
 And hast set them on the Rock of Ages.
 2 Thy ways, O Lord, are ways of peace,
 And all thy paths are pleasantness. Cho.
 3 With joy I leave the ways of sin,
 The christian warfare I'll begin. Cho.
- 4 To Thee, O Lord ! alone I'll cling, Ps. XI. 2
 Thou art my Prophet Priest and King. Cho
 5 Upon the cross Christ bled and died,
 He for my sins was crucified. Cho.
 6 I've now a home beyond the sky,
 Where happy spirits never die. Cho.
 7 There shall I meet my Saviour's face,
 And ever praise Him for His grace. Cho.
 8 Oh ! sinners come without delay,
 Oh, come to Jesus Christ to-day. Cho. E.P.H



2 All thy crimes on him were laid;
See, upon his blameless head
Wrath its utmost vengeance pours,
Due to my offence and yours;
Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem;
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and fears away;
Now by faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise, trust his grace.

The Love of Jesus.

From "JESUS' LAMBS." E. P. H. London, 1866.

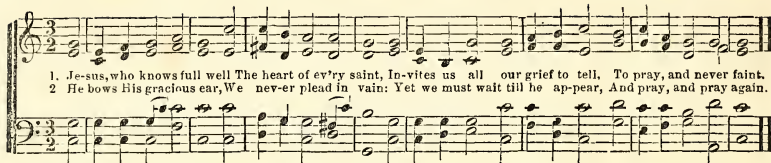
TUNE.—"Going to the better Land."

1 Jesus! now to Thee I fly,
Thou who on the cross didst die;
Died that I might be forgiven,
And that I might dwell in heaven:
True, I've been a wicked child
Not to love Thee all the while.

2 If some friend for me had bled,
Had he saved me from the dead,
Had he suffered years of pain,

That his loss might be my gain,
Sure I'd give him all my heart;
From him I'd be loath to part.

3 More than this Christ did for me,
When He bled upon the tree:
And He has been waiting long,
Waiting for my grateful song:
Now I come with heartfelt praise—
I will serve Thee all my days.



1. Je-sus, who knows full well The heart of ev'ry saint, In-vites us all our grief to tell, To pray, and never faint.
2 He bows His gracious ear, We never plead in vain: Yet we must wait till he ap-pear, And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus the Lord will hear His chosen when they cry; [bear, Yes, though He may a while for- He'll help them from on high.	4 Though unbelief suggest, Why should we longer wait, He bids us never give Him rest, But knock at mercy's gate.	5 Then let us earnest be, And never faint in prayer; He loves our importunity, And makes our cause His care.
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WESTON.

Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come; Let Thy bright beams arise; Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.	3 Revive our drooping faith, Our doubts and fears remove, And kindle in our breasts the flame Of never-dying love.	To pour fresh life in every part, And new-create the whole.
2 Convince us of our sin; 'Then lead to Jesus' blood, And to our wondering view reveal The secret love of God.	4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul,	5 Come, Holy Spirit, come, Our minds from bondage free; Then shall we know, and praise, and love, The Father, Son, and Thee.

BEDDOME.

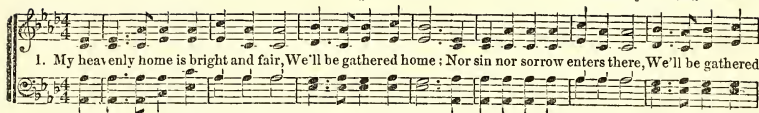
Blest be the tie.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.	Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares,	And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.
2 Before our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers;	3 We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear;	4 When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; [heart, But we shall still be joined in And hope to meet again.

We'll be gathered Home.

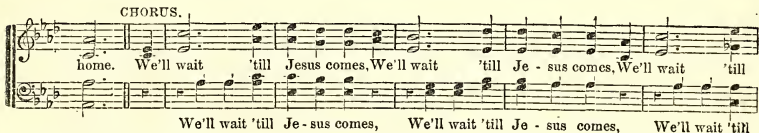
Arr. by H. P. M.

75



1. My heavenly home is bright and fair, We'll be gathered home; Nor sin nor sorrow enters there, We'll be gathered

CHORUS.



home. We'll wait 'till Jesus comes, We'll wait 'till Je - sus comes, We'll wait 'till

We'll wait 'till Je - sus comes, We'll wait 'till Je - sus comes, We'll wait 'till



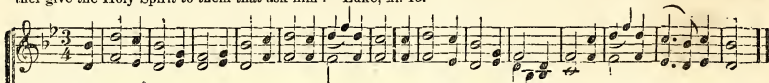
Jesus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine, We'll, &c.,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine, We'll, &c.
- 3 My Father's house is built on high, We'll, &c.;
Above the arched and starry sky, We'll, &c.
- 4 When from this earthly prison free, We'll, &c.;
That heavenly mansion mine shall be, We'll, &c.

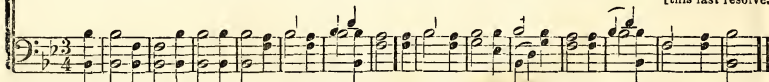
- 5 While here a stranger far from home, We'll, &c.;
Affliction's waves may round me foam, We'll, &c.
- 6 I envy not the rich and great, We'll, &c.;
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state, We'll, &c.
- 7 My Father is a richer King, We'll, &c.;
That heavenly mansion still I sing, We'll, &c.
- 8 Let others seek a home below, We'll, &c.;
Which flames devour or waves o'erflow, We'll, &c.
- 9 Be mine the happier lot to own, We'll, &c.;
A heavenly mansion near the throne, We'll, &c.
- 10 Then fail this earth, let stars decline, We'll, &c.;
And sun and moon refuse to shine, We'll, &c.
- 11 All nature sink and cease to be, We'll, &c.;
That heavenly mansion stands for me, We'll, &c.

Come trembling Sinner.

Zerubbabel, saying, Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zach. iv. 6.
 If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall *your* heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him?—Luke, xi. 13.



1. Come trembling sinner, in whose breast a thousand thoughts revolve—Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make
 [this last resolve.]



2 I'll go to Jesus, tho' my sin Hath like a mountain rose; I know His courts, I'll enter in, Whatever may oppose.	And there my guilt confess; I'll tell Him I'm a wretch undone, Without His sovereign grace.	But if I perish, I will pray, And perish only there.
3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,	4 Perhaps He will admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my prayer;	5 I can but perish if I go; I am resolved to try; For if I stay away, I know I must for ever die.

Prayer for the Holy Spirit.

1 Teach us, oh Lord, how weak we are,
That all our strength is vain,
That only by thy Spirit's power
Thy work revives again.
2 And teach us Lord how willingly
Thy Spirit thou dost give,
And help us now in faith to pray,
And then the dead shall live.
3 Oh come and by thy Spirit's power,
Convince us all of sin,
And from this consecrated hour,
Thy gracious work begin.

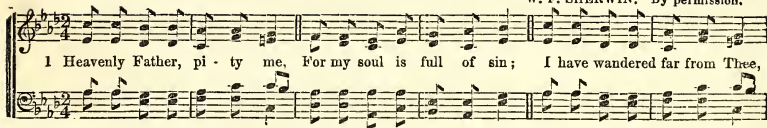
4 Oh may the young and aged too,
With deep contrition cry,
I'm lost, oh Lord, what shall I do?
Oh, whither shall I fly?
5 Then may they think of Him who died
Upon the cruel tree,
Who, for their sins was crucified
From guilt to set them free.
6 And may they hear the Saviour cry,
Look unto Me and live,
I am the Life, the Truth, the Way,
I will salvation give.

E.P.H.

Canst Thou love a little Child ? 7s

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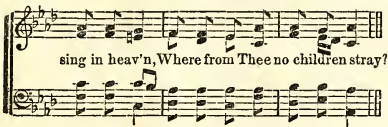
W. F. SHERWIN. By permission.



1 Heavenly Father, pi - ty me, For my soul is full of sin ; I have wandered far from Thee,



Oh, how wicked I have been, Can I ev - er be forgiven, Can my sins be washed away ? So that I shall



sing in heav'n, Where from Thee no children stray ?

ANSWER.

1 Yes, my child, 'tis THEE I love,
Though thou art so full of guilt ;
MY DEAR SON CAME FROM ABOVE,
AND FOR THEE HIS BLOOD HAS SPILT.
ALL THY SINS ON HIM WERE LAID,
When He suffered on the tree,
HE THE DREADFUL DEBT HAS PAID :
Trust in Him and thou art free.

2 Now the WICKED I forgive,
When in JESUS' name they pray ;
Such with me in heaven shall live,
And be happy there for aye.
COME TO ME, THEN, LITTLE ONE,
I will change thy wicked heart :
Only trust in my dear Son,
Never, never from Him part.

E. P. H.

2 Canst Thou love a WICKED CHILD,
Who has often disobeyed ?
Canst Thou ever on me smile,
As if from Thee I'd not strayed ?
Often Father, Thou hast called,
But I did not listen then ;
Surely I will hearken now,
If Thou wilt but speak again.



1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me!

2. Tho' like the wander - er. The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p> | <p>4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p> | <p>5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!</p> |
|---|---|--|

I come to see Jesus.

TUNE.—"Jesus loves me." Page 38.

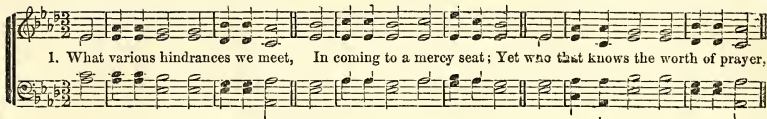
- 1 Though I never see the place
Where, dear Saviour, Thou didst die,
Yet I oft may see Thy face,
When with faith to Thee I fly
- CHO.—I can see Jesus,
I can see Jesus,
I can see Jesus,
My Saviour on the cross.

- 2 Pleasant it indeed would be,
Could I to that city go;

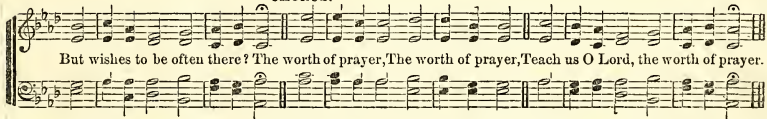
- Where upon dark Calvary,
Thou did'st die so long ago. *Cho.*
- 3 Need I go so far away?
No, for Thou art very near;
Thou wilt hear me if I pray,
Thou wilt drive away my fear. *Cho*
- 4 Jesus, now I come to Thee,
Show me Lord, Thy pierced brow;
Speaking of Thy love to me,
Help me come to Thee just now. *Cho.*

The worth of Prayer.

P. P. VAN ARSDALE, 79



CHORUS.



2 Prayer makes the darkest cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above. — *Cho.*

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest sinner upon his knees. — *Cho.*

Design of Prayer.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject, if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray,

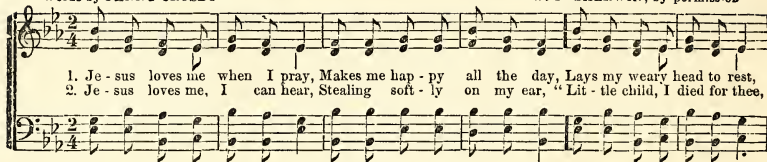
3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail;
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

Christ's Love for Children.

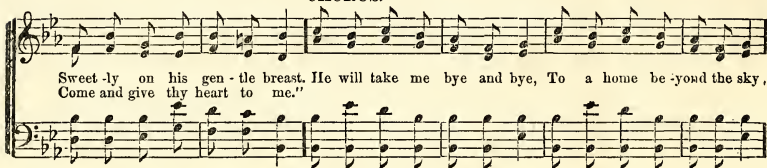
Words by FANNY CROSBY

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1. Je - sus loves me when I pray, Makes me hap - py all the day, Lays my weary head to rest,
2. Je - sus loves me, I can hear, Stealing soft - ly on my ear, "Lit - tle child, I died for thee,

CHORUS.



Sweet - ly on his gen - tle breast. He will take me bye and bye, To a home be - yond the sky,
Come and give thy heart to me."



There to sing redeem - ing love, With the shining hosts above.

3 Jesus loves me, parents here
Could not love me half so dear,
They can never, never be,
What my Saviour is to me.
He will take me, &c.

4 On the cross my sins he bore,
I would love him more and more.
He will help me by his grace,
Till I see him face to face.
He will take me, &c

My dear Mr. HAMMOND,—I want to tell you how I found Jesus. I went to hear you speak to the children on Friday night, May 31st. I had heard about the children crying for their sins, and I thought to myself that I would not cry, nor let it have any effect on me. I know now that it was the devil who made me think so, but Jesus is stronger than the devil; and all the time you were speaking He softened my heart, yet Satan kept whispering to me not to be sorry for my sins, not to ask Jesus for a new heart. But at the close of the service a dear friend asked me if I loved Jesus. I cried then, for I could not say No, and I dare not say Yes; then a gentleman came and talked long and earnestly with me; then I felt what a sinner I was, how wicked I had been; then I prayed that Jesus would forgive me, and give me a new heart, and so He did; and I went home from chapel that night, happy in the Lord. I have had many little trials to bear at home, but I try, with Jesus' help, to bear them patiently. Satan often tries to make me unhappy, and doubting whether I have really found Jesus; out when I pray to God, Satan goes away, for he hates to see me on my knees; but he comes again and tempts me as before, but the dear Jesus keeps me from yielding, and then I feel so happy. Day by day I love Jesus more, but I want to serve Him. Oh, how I long to do something for Jesus, who has done so much for me! I mean to try and get as many of my companions as I can to come; then I sincerely hope that they will go home rejoicing because they have found a precious Saviour.

I can now sing with all my heart, "Jesus is mine," and "I love Jesus." Do pray for me, dear Mr. Hammond, that I may keep in the way "that leadeth unto everlasting life;" and please pray for my papa and three brothers, who have not yet sought Jesus. With much love to yourself and Mrs. Hammond, and many thanks to Mr. Noe, for his kindness, I remain yours ever, _____,
thirteen years old

1 When I read of little ones
Weeping o'er their sinful ways,
Sad to think they left undone
That which should begin their days;
When I see them in such crowds
Flocking to the Saviour's arms,
Like the little 'doves' in 'clouds,'
Gathering safe from all alarms.

2 When I hear the Saviour say,
'Suffer little ones to come,'
Oh, how can I stay away?
Now, at once, to Him I'll run
He will make me happy, too,

He will wipe away my tears,
Lead me all my journey through,
Drive away my doubts and fears.

3 He who bled and died for me,
Sure will give me all I need;
From my sins will set me free,
Every prayer of mine will heed;
Of his wondrous love I'll sing,
Thus my faith shall grow more strong,
Till at last heaven's arches ring
With our glad, triumphant song.

E.P.H.

For Thou hast died for me.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Words by FANNY CROSBY

1 (When clouds hang dark - ly o'er my way And earth - ly comfort dies,
On thee my Sa - viour and my God, My [Omit.....] ev - ery hope re - lies.

1st. 2d.

I hear thy spir - its gen - tle voice, Thy cross by faith I see, — Thy precious blood O, dy - ing

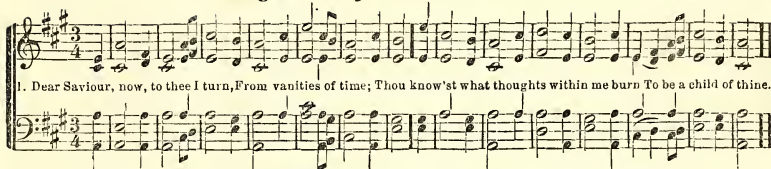
Lamb, Redeems and makes me what I am, For thou hast died for me, For thou hast died for me.

2 My soul, confiding in thy word,
Can rest securely there,
And feel at peace in every storm,
Beneath thy watchful care;
A sinner lost, but saved by grace
Be this my only plea:
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

3 O when I leave this mortal scene,
And rise to worlds of light;
Then shall I see thee as thou art
Arrayed in glory bright:
There by the living stream divine,
My raptured song shall be;
Thy precious blood, O dying Lamb,
Redeems and makes me what I am,
For thou hast died for me.

Hymns of Consecration.

SCOTTISH. 83



1. Dear Saviour, now, to thee I turn, From vanities of time; Thou know'st what thoughts within me burn To be a child of thine.

2 How oft, alas I've sought for peace,
This spacious earth around;
But all its joys are mixed with grief,
True comfort no where found.

3 Oh come and dwell within my heart,
I'll open wide the door,

And never, never more depart,
Thy goodness I'll adore.

4 I'll count it now my chiefest joy
To know thy righteous will;
And all my powers shall find employ,
Thy pleasure to fulfil. E.P.H.

Prayer for great blessings.

Thus saith the Lord, Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.—Jeremiah, xxxiii. 3.

1 Oh Lord, we come at thy command,
And "GREAT THINGS" ask of thee,
Upon thy promise firm we stand,
Let us rich blessings see.

2 May we who love thy precious name,
Now prove thy gracious word,
We shall not surely "call" in vain,
Our pleadings will be heard.

3 May CHRIST to us be ALL IN ALL,
Of HIM we then shall tell,

And as we speak, the tears will fall,
And many turn from HELL,

4 Now may the Holy Ghost descend,
And we thy "power" * receive,
Then shall our prayers and efforts blend,
And many shall believe.

5 Let crowds of sinners flock to hear,
How Jesus took our place,
And may they wipe the falling tear,
And praise Him for His grace. E.P.H.

* Acts, i. 8.

Trio.

1. (In the house of God this hour, We are thinking, Lord, of Thee, How, Thou for us all hast died up-on the
And our hearts are filled with joy, For we know that we are free, Since in Thee we trust, [OMIT]

2d.

CHORUS.

..... cross:) and count past gain but loss. Sing, sing, sing, the Saviour's triumphed! We'll rejoice and dry our

tears, dry our tears, He has washed our sins a - way; All our hopes up-on Him stay, By His

death for us He's silenced all our fears.

2 In the battle front we'll stand,
There defying Satan's rage,
For our strength is now in Christ for evermore :
And the hosts of darkness, they
Shall be driven back dismayed,
And we'll shout the cry of "Victory!" c'er and o'er
Cho.—Sing, sing, sing, &c.

- 3 Sinners, who are out of Christ,
 Oh say, why will you delay,
 When to you is offered richest joy and bliss?
 Well we know that you for aye
 Will thank God and bless the day,
 If you only will accept Christ's righteousness.

Cho.

- 4 Jesus is your loving Friend,
 And He wants to save you now,—
 'Twas for you that He so kindly bled and died.
 Oh then, think of all His groans,

Of His pierced, thorn-clad brow,
 When He died that justice might be satisfied.

Cho

- 5 Only trust in Him "just now,"
 And He'll surely you forgive,
 And our joyous chorus then with us you'll sing.
 You will also taste the joys,
 Which our Lord doth ever give
 To the soul that unto Him doth always cling.

Cho.

E.P.H.

I can see Jesus.

TUNE.—*Jesus loves me*, page 38.

- 1 Jesus now I seem to see,
 Nailed upon th' accursed tree :
 Yes, I see His bleeding brow,
 He is calling to me now.
- CHO.*—Yes, I see Jesus, yes, I see Jesus,
 Yes, I see Jesus, He beckons to me now.
- 2 Oh may I this call obey,
 Love and serve Him every day ;
 Never from His side depart,
 Never grieve His loving heart.—*Cho.*
- 3 Though I feel my wicked heart,
 Prone from Jesus to depart,

Yet I know His power can keep,
 All who do His guidance seek.—*Cho.*

- 4 Jesus take me by the hand,
 By thy side I'd ever stand,
 Guide me in the path of right,
 Always guard me by thy might.—*Cho.*

- 5 When my wants to thee I bring,
 When thy praises I would sing.
 Oh may I thy word believe,
 That thou dost my prayer receive.—*Cho.*

None but Jesus.

Words and Music by Rev. R. LOWRY. From "CHAPEL MELODIES."

1. Weeping will not save me—Tho' my face were bath'd in tears, That could not allay my fears,
2. Working will not save me—Pur - est deeds that I can do, Holiest tho't and feelings too.

CHORUS.

Could not wash the sins of years, Weeping will not save me. Jesus wept and died for me ;
Can - not form my soul a - new, Working will not save me.

Je - sus snffered on the tree ; Je - sus waits to make me free ; He a - lone can save me.

3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie ;
In my ear is mercy's cry ;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.
Jesus wept, &c.

4 Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son ;
Trust the work that he has done ;
To his arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.
Jesus wept, &c.

The Land of Beulah. C. M.

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Words by Rev. J. HASKELL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

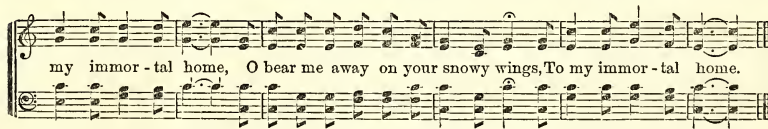
CHORUS. *f*



1 { My lat-est sun is sinking fast, My race is near-ly run ; }
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My triumph is be - gun. } O come, an - gel band,



come, and a - round me stand, O bear me a - way on your snow - y wings, To



my immor - tal home, O bear me away on your snowy wings, To my immor - tal home.

- 2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
 The crossing must be near. *Cho.*
- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings ;

- The holy ones, behold they come !
 I hear the noise of wings. *Cho.*
- 4 O bear my longing heart to Him
 Who bled and died for me ;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory. *Cho.*

The Water of Life.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. Rev. 21—6.

f CHORUS.

1. (Jesus, the water of life will give Free-ly, free-ly, free - ly, Je - sus the wa - ter of
Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Freely, freely, free - ly, Come to that fountain, O

2. (Jesus has promised a home in heaven, Freely, freely, free - ly, Je - sus has promised a
Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely, freely, free - ly, Treasures un - fad - ing will

1st 2d DUET

life will give Freely to those who love him.) love him. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come
drink and live Freely to those that)
home in heaven Freely to those that love him.)
there be given Freely to those that) love him. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come

CHORUS

DUET

CHORUS

Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly, And he that is thirs-ty let him come And drink of the wa - ter of

The Water of Life. Concluded.

89

FULL CHORUS.

life... The fountain of life is flow - ing, Flow - ing, free - ly flow - ing, The
foun - tain of life is flow - ing, Is flow - ing for you and for me....

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely to those that love him.—*Cho.*

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely to those that love him;

Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Pleasures that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.—*Cho.*

5 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Jesus has promised a calm repose,
 Freely to all that love him;
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely, freely, freely,
 Come to the water of life that flows,
 Freely to all that love him.—*Cho.*

Sing for Jesus.

From "SINGING PILGRIM," by permission. P. PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he bought me; And all a - long my
2. Can there o - ver - take me A - ny dark dis - as - ter, While I sing for...

CHORUS.

pilgrim way His lov - ing hand has brought me. O! help me sing for Je - sus,
Je - sus, My bless - ed, blessed Mas - ter?

Help me tell the sto - ry Of him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

2 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
O! help me sing, &c.

3 Still I'll sing for Jesus.
O! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
O! help me sing, &c.

The Angels are coming.

WM. B. BRADBURY. 91

A CHRISTIAN CHILD'S DEATH-BED.—Little Georgie D * * *, of Newark, N. J., for two years a consistent member of the Church of Christ was suddenly called to his death-bed. Trusting in Jesus, he was "not afraid to die." His mother bent over him trying to relieve his sufferings; when he looked at her tenderly, and said, "I don't think you can do anything more to help me, mother." Then extending his arms, and lifting his eyes, with an earnest gaze as if eager to welcome the bright messengers sent to bear him to his Father's house, he exclaimed, "*The angels are coming for me, they are coming!*" Blessed boy, but a few moments more and he was with them winging his way to the realms of the blest.

1. (The angels are coming for me, mother, Coming, coming, coming for me, The angels are coming for me,
Al - rea - dy their mu - sic I hear, mother, Singing, singing, singing for me, How lightly it falls on my

1st. & 2d. TIME. ENDING OF D. O.

me, mother, To waft me a - way to the sky;) (Coming, coming for me, Waiting to burst from its
ear, mother, My spir - it is waiting to fly;) [Omit.....] Waiting to burst from its

pp Rit.

prison away, Waiting a crown of rejoicing to wear, Waiting to enter the portals of day, My Shepherd my Saviour is there.

D. O.

2 Now gently I'm going to sleep, mother,
Going, going, going to sleep,
To wake where I never shall weep, mother,
Or suffer a moment of pain.
Glad voices are calling for me, mother,
Calling, calling, calling for me,

Their pinions of glory I see, mother,
Farewell till I meet thee again.
Yes, we shall meet by the river that flows,
Tranquil and bright on that beautiful shore,
There will thy sorrow be lost in repose,
There I will leave thee no more.

I shall yet praise Him.

TUNE.—“*White Robes.*” page 36.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. Ps. xlii, 5.

1 Why art thou, my soul cast down?

Why art thou disquieted?

Let the world upon me frown,

God will raise my drooping head.

CHO.—I shall praise him, praise him,

Praise him who dwelleth above;

Yes praise him, praise him

For all of his infinite love.

2 Though I now am filled with fears,
Smarting 'neath the afflicting rod,

He will wipe away my tears;

Then, my soul, HAVE FAITH IN GOD.—*Cho.*

3 Hope in him and ne'er despair,
Though the threat'ning billows rolb,

Thou art still his constant care,

THOU SHALT PRAISE HIM YET MY SOUL.—*Cho.*

E.P.H.

I love the Lord.

TUNE.—“*I feel like singing all the time.*” page 28.

I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live. Ps. cxvi. 1, 2.

1 I love the Lord my God because

That he hath heard my cry;

With joy I'll now obey his laws,

I'll serve him till I die.

CHO.—Singing glory, glory, glory be to God on high.

2 The fears of death encompassed me,

The pains of hell alarmed,

'Twas then, O Lord, I called on thee,

And all my fears were calmed.

3 Return into thy rest, my soul;

Thou, Lord, art all my stay,

I yield myself to thy control,

Oh teach me, Lord, thy way.

4 My soul is rescued now from death,

Mine eyes are free from tears,

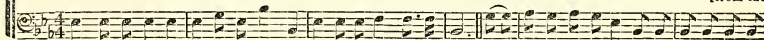
I'll praise thee with my daily breath,

Till Christ our Lord appears.

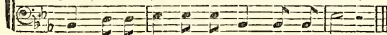
E.P.H.



1. Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour and God? He died on Calvary. To a-tone for you and
 2. He was extended, He was extended, Painfully nail'd to the cross; He bow'd His head and died, Thus my Lord was cruci-
 3. Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Saviour, Prince, and the Author of peace! He burst the bars of death, And, triumphant
 [from the



me, And to purchase our par-don with blood,
 fied, To a - tone for a world that was lost.
 earth, He as-cend-ed to mansions of bliss.



- 4 There interceding, there interceding,
 Pleading that sinners may live,
 Crying, "Father, I have died,
 O, behold My hands and side,
 O, forgive them, I pray Thee, forgive."

- 5 "I will forgive them—I will forgive them
 When they repent and believe,
 Let them now return to Thee,
 And be reconciled in Me,
 And salvation they all shall receive."

I want Jesus. *Tune on page 10.*

- 1 Why my soul, these anxious longings?
 Why this seeking after peace?
 Why do tears flow like a fountain,
 And I cannot bid them cease?

CHO.—I want Jesus, want to love him,
 I want Jesus, yes, I do:
 I do want Jesus for my Saviour,
 Will he take and love me too?

- 2 Oh, my soul is dark as midnight,
 And no light I find within:
 Oft I look with sickening horror,
 At my dark and loathsome sin.—*Cho*

- 3 Well I know I've grieved the spirit,
 Turning from His love away;
 Telling Him that I would seek Him,
 On some more convenient day.—*Cho.*

- 4 Oh, that Jesus now would tell me—
 "Let thy sorrowing all be o'er;
 Neither now do I condemn thee,
 Go thy way and sin no more."—*Cho.*

The following lines *were* the full expression of my feelings
 but my heart *now* sings with joy:—

- 5 Jesus turned, and looked upon me,
 With a bright and smiling face,
 Saying "Daughter, take good comfort,
 Faith hath saved thee, go in peace."

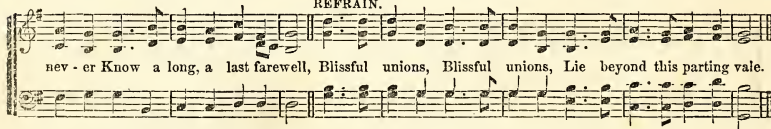
CHO.—I love Jesus, Hallelujah,
 I love Jesus, yes, I do;
 I do love Jesus, He's my Saviour,
 Jesus smiles and loves me too.

T. C. B.

TRIO.



REFRAIN.



2 Sweet this hour of benediction,
When such unions come to mind -
When each holy heart-conviction,
With the promises combined,
Tell of meetings
By the Lord for us designed.

3 Oh, what meetings are before us !
Brighter far than tongue can tell—
Glorious meetings to restore us
Him with whom we long to dwell.
With what raptures
Will the sight our bosoms swell !

4 Now indeed we meet and sever ;
Chequered is our transient day
Life's best flowers perish, ever

Tending to a long decay.
Fairest flowers
Bud, and bloom, and die away.

5 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
Soon will fade this earth away ;
Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
Wait the full redemption-day.
Hail the rising
Of the wished-for new-born ray !

6 Thus we part, but not for ever ;
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell :
They who love the Saviour never
Know a last, a long farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale. J. D. SMITH.

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